THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XL. No. 1033 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1950 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 641
THE CHANNELS OF COMMAND 643
THE MAN WHO DEFIED THE GESTAPO. By Norman MacKenzie 643
LONDON DIARY. By Critic 644
NOW WE ARE SIX. By Sagittarius 645
THIS ENGLAND 646
SPANISH JOURNEY. By Basil Davidson 646
SO THEY SAY . . . By Autolycus 647
THE REAL FATHER CHRISTMAS. By Mervyn Jones 647
THE OLD, OLD MESSAGE. By Angus Wilson 648
FOLK TALE. By Maurice Edelman 651
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:
Hindemith and Whitman. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor 651
Holbein at Burlington House. By Benedict Nicolson 651
Television Notes. By W. E. Williams 652
The Movies. By William Whitebait 652
CORRESPONDENCE 653
From A. Super, Sir Thomas Bazley, Lord Boyd-Orr and others.
CALIBAN'S CHRISTMAS DIVERSIONS 654
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett . . . Page 655
THE WATCHERS. By John Hewitt 656
REVIEWS:
A Robin Anthology. By Geoffrey Taylor . . 656
A Dreamer and a Card. By Sir Philip Magnus . 656
Pottership. By Naomi Lewis 658
Mr. Henriques Talking. By C. H. Rolph . . 658
The Jews. By C. E. M. Joad 659
That England. By Aylmer Vallance 660
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 660
CHESS. By Assiac 662

Can We Save America from Herself?

To respond cheerfully this year to the seasonal exhortation "Let nothing you dismay" calls for either the detachment of a Diogenes or the optimism of an ostrich. At Lake Success the Assembly has dispersed, leaving the president's Committee of Three to pursue the receding hope of an early Korean truce. The great majority of the United Nations would have welcomed, and still would welcome, a general Far East settlement which would enable U.N. forces to be extricated from Korea without excessive loss of face or abandonment of principle. Whether, in the process of negotiation, the Chinese terms would have proved unreasonably high, there is no means of knowing: America's refusal to discuss anything but an unconditional cease-fire—which the Chinese regarded simply as a trap—precluded any bargaining or chance of compromise. Mr. Entezam and his colleagues have offered to go to Peking on a mission of mediation; but, unless the U.S. administration is willing to accept Peking on the Security Council and to acknowledge its sovereignty in Formosa, the Committee of Three's errand seems likely to be fruitless.

Equally forbidding are the prospects opened up by the decisions taken in Brussels by the Foreign and Defence Ministers of the Atlantic Pact Powers. General Eisenhower, who earned respect in Europe as head of SHAEF, is appointed as Supreme Commander of a Western European army which exists at the moment almost entirely on paper; but the forces at his disposal are to be augmented not only by intensive British and French rearmament but by the inclusion of German units. Is this an irrevocable decision? It may conceivably still be the intention of the Western Powers to enter with open minds the conference to which the Soviet Union has invited them, and to counter Russian proposals for the "de-militarisation" of Germany by an offer to revoke the plans for a Western German army if the U.S.S.R., on its side, will disband the Eastern *Bereitschaften*. The present temper, however, of American opinion is revealed even in the attitude of Mr. Acheson at Brussels: he demands, unconditionally, far greater Western European "preparedness." General Eisenhower is to be provided with an army in which substantial German contingents, with Luftwaffe units attached, are cast for the role of Gurkhas.

How far the German people will be prepared to accept this role, and what price Dr. Adenauer would demand for agreeing to conscript the Germans remains to be seen; and we may not yet have heard the last of opposition in the French Chamber to what seems almost bound to become, in the end, the revival of a German Wehrmacht. What we can safely say is that, if the Western Powers accept the Russian invitation only with the reservation that there can be no going back on the rearmament of Western Germany, the conference might as well not be held. In that event, the Brussels meeting would not have created a "position of strength." The conversion of the present half-dozen weak divisions into an army capable of challenging effectively the Soviet Union on land would be an affair of years, rather than months. The chance of avoiding a world war in this desperate dilemma depends on immediate negotiations in which the West remembers that the U.S.S.R. cannot be expected to wait tolerantly for a new Wehrmacht invasion and the East reflects that total war would destroy Communist as well as capitalist civilisation.

The overriding question in the West is whether the United States can be prevented psychologically from passing "the point of no return." As a French Conservative newspaper has commented, it is all very well for the American tamer to face the Russian bear; but America's European associates are in the same cage. The die has not yet been cast for war. There are sinister indications: the latest issue of *Time* sums up the mood of Congress as being in favour of "no concessions." The feeling is said to be that "we have got to stand and fight . . . we should use the atom bomb at our own discretion." Congress, according to *Time*, is "almost fatalistically ready . . . for an international showdown." Yet there are elements of sanity still left in the United States. It is not so long ago that the *Wall Street Journal* was arguing that to pile up armaments was the least hopeful way of seeking to resolve the East-West conflict, and was simply "an excuse for the lack of policy. To determine on an arms race and *withhold from negotiation* is merely to reveal how impoverished one's statesmanship is."

It is with such realistic elements in the United States that British and French opinion must try even at this late hour, to secure an alliance. There is still scope for diplomacy, still room for peace-making. But in the West—to which primarily we must speak—this depends on one assumption—that Washington has not now abandoned hope of peace and is still honestly striving to achieve it. It is the imperative task of the British and French Governments to endeavour to rescue America from herself.

What Brussels Has Done

The decisions of the Brussels Conference have crystallised into SHAPE (Supreme Headquarters of the Allied Powers in Europe) many of the confused and contradictory plans and programmes of the last six months and more. Briefly, the strategic order-of-battle is to place naval and air headquarters in the United States, and to erect in Europe three regional commands—for Scandinavian, Western, and Mediterranean Europe. General Eisenhower is to command these three regional groupings. He will have at his disposal all the troops in Western Germany, apparently all French troops in France, and large contingents of British and other troops which may be stationed for the time being in their home countries. He will also have German contingents which are proposed to consist of 22 brigades, but which, eventually, can scarcely fail to be much stronger than this. These German units are to be provided with air support; if this means anything, it means that the German commanders will have groups of Allied aircraft placed at their disposal. It seems to be further agreed that German generals, though at present debarred from command of German divisions, may be included in the upper hierarchy of Eisenhower's military staff. Lastly, there is to be a Defence Production Board—almost certainly under an American chairman—which is obviously intended to acquire those supra-national economic powers (under American control) which certain countries, and notably Britain, have refused to give to OEEC or to the Schuman organisation.

The High Commissioners are now conveying to Dr. Adenauer the substance of the Brussels decisions, and listening to his counter-proposals, even before it is known whether the Four-Power Conference will materialise. They are authorised to offer a "security treaty" which would give the West German Government effective equality of status, and transform the Allied troops of occupation into garrison troops. Thus it seems that the Western Powers are ready for concessions to Bonn of a kind which they cannot later withdraw without demolishing Adenauer's whole standing and prestige in Western Germany. As an act of Western policy, this looks unpleasantly like a repetition of the bribery and concessions to blackmail which led to such disastrous results between the wars.

Mr. Truman Mobilises

The President's declaration of a State of National Emergency was issued the day after Congress had voted new Defence appropriations which bring the total for the year to more than $40 billions, or three times the original estimate at the beginning of the year; and more money yet will be needed as the Services approach the new target of 3,500,000 men. Once war spending reached this level, it was inevitable that the President should begin to operate the emergency powers endowed on him by the Defence Production Act some months ago. These, together with new powers acquired under the Emergency proclamation, provide him with greater and more centralised authority than that enjoyed by President Roosevelt after Pearl Harbour. To operate them, he has appointed Charles Wilson, president of General Electric, who was one of the directors of war production under Mr. Roosevelt. Apart from Mr. Wilson's special post as Director of Defence Mobilisation, it seems that Mr. Truman intends to work for the most part through existing Government departments rather than set up, as Mr. Roosevelt did, a complex of special agencies.

Mr. Wilson's task is to expedite the war supplies authorised by Congress. But their production, it is clear, will involve the early diversion of manpower, plant and materials from civilian use, as well as unpopular taxation. The task for the Administration as a whole is to curb the rapidly increasing inflationary pressure—the cost of living reached a new peak last week—by price and wage controls, and to ensure that war plants receive priority in labour and materials. The first controls—on automobile prices—have already met with protests from General Motors. The law requires wage-controls in any section of the economy where prices are frozen, but if this process is to be carried out in a piecemeal fashion, there may soon be serious anomalies and perhaps labour difficulties before America learns that, this time, it cannot have both vast rearmament and civilian business as usual. The Emergency Declaration is only one step short of an all-out war economy.

Agios Evstratios

Grave words about political conditions in Greece that were spoken in London the other day by John Sofianopoulos are confirmed by a memorandum from the prisoners on the island of Agios Evstratios. It is a bitter reminder that the Greek Government closed one concentration camp—Makronessos—only to open another.

Recalling that there are nearly 3,000 prisoners on this barren little rock in the northern Ægean, the memorandum—which is signed by the principal members of this prison community—says that their number includes three generals and 94 other officers, all of whom fought in the ranks of E.A.M. against the Germans and have lived in exile since 1946, 40 writers and artists, 97 lawyers, 29 doctors, 101 teachers, 302 trade union officials, 401 peasants, and 700 workers. Against none of these people has any charge ever been preferred; all are exiled *sine die* and without trial or legal opportunity for defending themselves. Most of the prisoners are Communists only in Senator McCarthy's sense, and include, for example, General Sarafis, a Venizelist Republican of the old school who was Commander-in-Chief of E.L.A.S., and Kostas Gavrielidis, the Agrarian party leader. Of the prison conditions the appeal from Lord Boyd-Orr and others which we print on another page speaks eloquently. The memorandum from Agios Evstratios says that 512 prisoners are suffering from tuberculosis in various forms but they are apparently fed on a starvation diet and receive no kind of medical treatment.

Atrocities in South Korea

Perhaps the most illuminating fact about the shooting of civilians—men, women and children—by South Korean police and other officials and by North Koreans under American command is that action to stop these atrocities has had to await the decent humanity of the men of the Northumberland Fusiliers and other British units. It was a British Brigadier, acting apparently on his own initiative, who forcibly stopped one batch of executions.

Protests of a diplomatic kind are believed to have made their way to Washington. If so, their effect has been nil. The Syngman Rhee Government, which MacArthur hastened to bring back to Seoul within a few days of the Inchon landings, has not only done nothing to stay these atrocities; it has evidently encouraged and incited them. Rhee himself has now admitted that, of 391 civilians condemned to death since October 1, 1950, 241 have been executed; but the real figure is probably much larger.

The worst part of the business—and the part which undoubtedly makes the most damaging impact on popular opinion in Asia—is that both the U.N. Commission in Korea and the Western commanders there have been so slow in putting a stop to these atrocities. The inference which must be inescapable, at least in Asian opinion, is that the West has been satisfied that they should continue. What is now required—and required at once if the reputation of Western troops in Korea is to be saved from universal condemnation—is for the United Nations to take and enforce any decisions which may be necessary to remove the South Korean leaders from all positions of responsibility.

South-West and East Africa

It is satisfactory that the United Nations, in considering the future status of South-West Africa, should have decided to maintain its right to interest itself in this territory, and to continue pressure—even if discreet pressure—against South Africa's annexationist policies. Although it would be foolish to think that the danger of complete absorption by South Africa of this territory and its native peoples is in any way past, there is some comfort to be found in the U.N.'s insistence that a commission should be formed which may receive appeals from the inhabitants. In this way, at least, the Hereros and other tribes will be able to make their complaints and claims audible to the outside world. But it remains for this commission to show that it can effectively influence Dr. Malan and the South African Nationalists.

The British Government has lately reached an analogous decision over the constitutional future of East Africa. Mr. Griffiths, the Colonial Secretary, told the House of Commons last week that it was the Government's "firm intention to continue to exercise their ultimate control in the East African territories, while encouraging all reasonable freedom of action by the local governments." This is a welcome statement—provided always that "the reasonable freedom" given to the local governments—which are the governments of a handful of White settlers heavily outnumbered by native peoples who enjoy no genuine rights of self-government—is not to be interpreted in such a manner as to continue to obstruct the political development of the Africans in these territories.

Proteins and Peron

Whether the Christmas board groans with turkey or is sparsely graced with rabbit, diners this year will have the uncomfortable reflection that, a week hence, the meat ration is to be

reduced to a shilling, of which twopence-worth will be canned. It is arguable that negotiations for a renewal of the Argentine meat contract might have been more adroitly conducted on the British side. Had we accepted Peron's offer to continue supplies temporarily on the basis of last year's price, on condition that the new price, if and when agreed, would operate retrospectively, Mr. Webb might at least have been able to accumulate bigger stocks than he now has. But there never was much chance of bridging the gap between the British offer of £90 and Argentina's exorbitant demand for £140 a ton. If Peron finds difficulty in disposing elsewhere of his meat surplus, Argentina's figure may in the end be reduced; but, in the meantime, the prospects for Britain's protein intake are bleak. Supplies available from Uruguay and other non-Argentine sources are limited, and there will not be much home-killed meat until spring.

PARLIAMENT : Rough Wooing ?

Monday.

THE debate on the international situation left the Commons with two unsolved mysteries. Why did Churchill want to be howled down? And, what exactly was the nature of the discussions the Prime Minister had with the President that he found so satisfactory?

Full at first of suave bi-partisanship, Churchill turned suddenly to flay the Premier for "disloyally" daring to carry through steel nationalisation. The House grew tense; tension became uproar; within an hour, the world read the headlines: "Churchill Booed." Why had the Old Man dragged in steel? Did he expect so violent a reaction? Explanations in the Lobby were legion. He had to show Steel House that the Opposition was still on the job; his back benchers needed stiffening; or was this an example of the old technique of Churchillian wooing—a gentle approach followed by a sudden uppercut? Coalition in the air?

Apart from this excitement, the debate followed a customary pattern. The P.M.'s speech was guileless. In his conference with the President, the general background had been discussed in a full, frank and friendly way. Informal discussions were continuing and would continue. The result, therefore, must be considered most satisfactory. Meanwhile, what actually happened in the White House remains untold.

Subsequently the debate had an oddly familiar ring. Stanley Evans scolded the U.S.S.R. as though it were the N.F.U. Mark Hewitson, trade unionist turned politician, poured scorn on politicians. Henry Strauss and Pickthorn, for the Tories, poured an old sour wine into new bottles. Orbach attributed the acme of contortionist skill to the Foreign Secretary, whom he described as "squeezing a great land mass by having a finger in every pie."

The most important speech went untrumpeted. The Foreign Secretary revealed that the Government had warned the Americans of MacArthurism and been disregarded. He underlined the consistency of Britain's attitude to China and over Formosa. He roused his own benches with a spirited attack on the Opposition's attitude to India and its "arrogance in the handling of power" as he had not done for some time past.

In the face of this situation, the House took almost placidly the news of even less meat and no more Marshall Aid. What matters, as the Chinese say, if we have no boots, when so many have no feet?

TOM WILLIAMS

The Channels of Command

CRITICISM of General MacArthur has reached the point when it can no longer be ignored; many inspired journalists have rushed to his rescue. The most revealing American writer on the subject is Mr. David Lawrence who, after consulting "top officials of the American Government," concludes an article in the *Herald-Tribune* by saying that it would be inaccurate "to say now that it is the U.N. as such which is against bombardment of Manchurian bases."

> The Washington Government itself happens to be opposed to such action at this time. But if it should be deemed desirable to order such a bombardment, it is within the power of the United States Government—acting again as the agent of the U.N.—to take whatever steps it may be necessary to take in a military emergency. *Consultation with other governments would, of course, be carried on if there were time.*

The italics are ours. The U.N. did not set up its own agency for directing the war in Korea. The U.S. Government (which means the President, acting as Commander-in-Chief is the agent of the U.N. No direct communications pass between General MacArthur and the U.N.; messages go backwards and forwards between the Defence Department and the General, who has both the usual discretion granted to a U.S. Commander in the theatre of war and also the cover of special authority, conferred upon him by general resolutions of the U.N. Assembly. "It is basically," says Mr. Lawrence, "the American Government's interpretation of the resolutions of the U.N. and the mission as entrusted to him that is binding on General MacArthur." Thus an important U.N. resolution authorised him to cross the 38th Parallel. It also limited Syngman Rhee's régime to South Korea—a limitation which MacArthur completely ignored. In short, he does what he likes subject only to the proviso that he does not provoke the President and the American Chiefs of Staff beyond endurance. On two occasions—his visit to Chiang Kai-shek in Formosa and his message to the "Veterans of Foreign Wars"—he seems to have overstepped even this generous limit.

As soldiers of the British Commonwealth are fighting in Korea and as we have no quarrel with the Chinese, it was not perhaps an unnatural mistake on our part to imagine that we had the right at least to be heard on matters of policy in Korea. Mr. Bevin apologised for his failure to obtain a hearing for British "advice." Mr. Lawrence explains that this was our error.

> It has been reported that the British Government did not wish the MacArthur forces to approach the Manchurian border. It has been reported also that General MacArthur was not supposed to go far beyond the 38th Parallel. But it would not be necessary to relay any such representations to General MacArthur, though he is doubtless kept informed concerning reasons for any limitations imposed on his military operations.

The technique of such "representation" to General MacArthur is, we understand, for the British Government to inform the State Department through our Ambassador in Washington that it thinks it unwise, for instance, to provoke the Chinese into war, and for the State Department to pass such a message on to the U.S. Chiefs of Staff, who again may, if they think fit, "relay" a carbon copy of the British message to Tokyo where it is filed for the General's "information." It must be remembered that the State Department is itself often barely on speaking terms with the Pentagon.

Once this technical situation is realised, there is no longer any difficulty in understanding why so many M.P.s, including Mr. Churchill, were alarmed at the vagueness of the "assurances" which Mr. Attlee reported that he had obtained from Mr. Truman on the use of the atomic bomb. If General MacArthur can, gratuitously and by his own volition, turn the Korean action into a war with China in the name of the U.N., he can no doubt also create a situation in which it is politically very difficult for the President not to authorise the use of his most destructive weapons and so turn the Chinese war into a world war, in which Europe, though perhaps not America, will be submerged. No doubt the British will be consulted "if there is time."

We have no doubt that Mr. Attlee spoke strongly to Mr. Truman on these subjects: he gained assurances about the humane and responsible attitude of those in charge of the atom-bomb and he raised the subject of the "directives" to General MacArthur. But we doubt whether any British Premier could make his voice heard effectively in the present din of Washington unless he went further than Mr. Attlee was prepared to go. Nothing would influence the U.S. in the circumstances of to-day except the blunt statement that the people of Britain and some key countries of the Commonwealth are not prepared to have their soldiers killed in an unnecessary war against the people of China with whom they believe they ought to be at peace.

The Man who Defied the G-Men

"ONE of the most depressing experiences of the past week," Max Lerner wrotes in the *New York Post* at the end of November, "has been the sight of the journalistic wolf-pack in full course after its quarry—a man who dared to write a searching book about the F.B.I." I have before me many columns of U.S. press comments upon Max Lowenthal's *Federal Bureau of Investigation*.* Few books can have attracted so much attention, both in the press and Congress.

Who is Max Lowenthal? According to Senator Hickenlooper, he was "the New Deal mystery man of Washington." Senator Ferguson adds, "he is a practiced slicker," who has written "a devilish piece of sabotage." Congressman Dondero, going a little further, said:

> Americans do not like his ilk, and once his shroud of mystery is penetrated he knows his usefulness is at an end. Doors that once opened to him will be closed because no good American would care to be contaminated by his known presence. . . . Like many other parlour pinks, fellow-travellers, Communists and convicted perjurers, he attended Harvard Law School.

**William Sloane, New York. $4.50*

Shortly before this book appeared, Mr. Lowenthal was summoned before the Un-American Committee and his testimony was released the day before his book was published, together with the examination of a group of admitted and alleged Communists. This carefully arranged coincidence gave columnists such as Walter Winchell the chance of implying Mr. Lowenthal's "taint by association." Other commentators, provisioned by the F.B.I., hastened to join the flying columns which rallied to the attack on Mr. Lowenthal's character, record and motives. This "peculiar little fellow" (N.Y. *Daily Mirror*) appeared in the *Daily News* as a "longtime pal of Reds and fellow-travellers, persistent smearer of the F.B.I., and close friend of Mr. Truman."

Mr. Lowenthal, who is now in his sixties, has in fact been close to the President. More than twenty years ago, he gave up his practice as a corporation lawyer to devote himself to public affairs, and served as a legal adviser to official commissions under both Republican and Democratic Presidents. When Mr. Truman, then a Senator, was in charge of a railroad investigation, Max Lowenthal was the counsel of the commission. According to Jonathan Daniels, who has just written a biography of Mr. Truman which seems to have been passed by the President, it was Max Lowenthal who began to steer the politician from Missouri into the path of liberalism and, later, it was Mr. Lowenthal who urged Senator Truman to make his bid, in 1944, for the vice-presidential nomination which led him to the White House.

His relations with Mr. Truman are now being cited by their common enemies as proof that the President, who is thought to be critical in private of J. Edgar Hoover's direction of the F.B.I., has secretly encouraged Mr. Lowenthal to write his current indictment. Moscow radio, the argument runs, attacks the F.B.I.; Lowenthal attacks the F.B.I.; Lowenthal knows Truman. *Ergo*: Truman is pro-Communist. This argument is just as nonsensical as another advanced at the same time by Senator Malone, of Nevada, who says the F.B.I. "is the last stand between the Administration and utter surrender to subversive elements."

Such is this new type of literary criticism. Some journalists have sought to make a careful assessment of what the Washington *Times-Herald* (owned by Colonel McCormick) labelled this "important if sinister book" by the "writer-friend of spy ring members." But Mr. Hoover's legion of acolytes in the press and Congress have used a different technique. The F.B.I. will not "dignify" Mr. Lowenthal's criticisms by an official reply; instead it has privately mobilised its allies, in the words of the *New York Post*,

> . . . to destroy an American citizen's reputation through inspired attacks from newspaper columnists, a hastily drummed-up investigation by a committee of Congress, and an assault by a member of the political garbage brigade. . . . The campaign is obviously being stage-managed by the F.B.I. . . . It is designed to shift public debate from the record of J. Edgar Hoover to the alleged misdeeds of author Lowenthal.

This is indeed a superb example of the old legal maxim: "When in doubt, abuse plaintiff's attorney."

Why should this book evoke such a torrent of abuse? Because it is the only elaborate and critical analysis of the F.B.I. available. Its sources, it is true, are primarily the hearings of official committees and statements of responsible public men, for the F.B.I. does not make its own records accessible to the critical researcher. It is also true that this book is largely a scissors-and-paste product, and that where Mr. Lowenthal has no one to quote, he fills in only the barest sequence of events himself. This gives the book a curiously jerky appearance and makes it less a scholarly appraisal of the F.B.I. than a brilliant lawyer's brief against the Bureau. In discussing the most recent incursions of the F.B.I. into "ideological" matters, he does not pay sufficient account to the deterioration of Soviet-American relations, nor to the fact that much of the F.B.I.'s search for Communists has been on the direct instruction of the Administration. But the significant fact is that Mr. Lowenthal has had the courage and industry to compile what *Newsweek* has called "the most forceful attack on that agency [F.B.I.] ever put together"—a task of some difficulty, it seems, when even the *New York Times* reviewer concedes that "efforts to discover the how, the why and the quality of its [F.B.I.] performance are repelled."

The book takes the main items from the record of the F.B.I. from its origins in 1908—without Congressional authority—to the present, when it employs more than 4,500 full-time agents and spends more than $64 millions a year. It is not the only Federal police agency: the Post Office, Treasury, Customs and State Departments each have their own detective forces, apart from the Secret Service and the Central Intelligence Agency, and Mr. Lowenthal argues that they are much more efficient and much less publicity conscious than the F.B.I. Much of its work is routine, for it has the duty of assembling evidence for most Federal Government civil litigation, besides its more glamorous roles of gang-busting, the suppression of vice and subversion, and the detection of espionage. Mr. Lowenthal may overlook its humdrum work when he is citing chapter and verse to prove that the F.B.I. has bungled or failed in one field after another. But he charges that it has been more successful in drumming up publicity—and larger appropriations from Congress—than in catching spies and criminals. At one time, when it was demanding additional staff and more money on the grounds it was too overworked, its agents were out arresting men in Broadway for the illegal sale of nickel reprints of copyright songs. Bumbling from scares into fiascoes—"bomb plots," the alien dragnet of 1920, industrial espionage—the F.B.I. has been able to survive and prosper because it has meticulously applied itself above all else, to the "menace of Communism," building up an enormous dossier of "subversives" by every conceivable means, from stool-pigeons to wire-tapping and plain gossip. It now possesses a fingerprint file of 112 million Americans—and, says Mr. Lowenthal, 42 million of these are wasteful duplicates.

The book is thus a two-fold indictment. First, that the F.B.I. does not adequately carry out its authorised duties, that it has been more adept at checking-up on "radicals" than at tracking down spies, and that it is a wasteful and headline-hunting agency. Secondly, that its power and influence are combined with so marked a political bias that it is becoming dangerous, the more so since it is almost a sacred cow, immune from public accountability and criticism.

Cabell Phillips, writing in the *New York Times*, concedes that:

> . . . there remains a good deal to be said for Mr. Lowenthal's primary thesis that the F.B.I. to-day has every facility for becoming a weapon of political repression. It is incipiently a state police organisation that could, under the impeccable guise of defending the national security, be manipulated for unscrupulous purposes . . . the only margin of safety that exists against that dreadful possibility . . . aside from the President . . . is the restraint of a single man—J. Edgar Hoover.

The *New York Post*, in an editorial, makes the final point. It insists that the F.B.I. "precisely because of the inherent abuses of power contained in any police system, should be subjected to more continuous and searching scrutiny than any other agency." But, the *Post* states, "it isn't. It has a volunteer bodyguard in Congress and elsewhere." The *Post* continues:

> If Lowenthal has misread the history of the F.B.I., J. Edgar Hoover has every right to offer a public rebuttal. But the undercover war being inspired by his press agents is a dismal enterprise. The character of the counterattack inadvertently gives new substance to a major chapter in Lowenthal's indictment.

Mr. Lowenthal's book may be neither exhaustive nor as balanced as his publisher claims. That is not the point. He has forced a long-overdue debate on to the American stage, and made a *prima facie* case for a thorough investigation of the F.B.I., in the interests of American security, the American taxpayer, and the future liberties of the seventy million Americans whose fingerprints are in Mr. Hoover's keeping.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

London Diary

How shall we, who have good friends in the U.S. and believe that our destiny is bound up with theirs, make our voices heard against the barrage of the American press? Mr. Attlee's voice is much too thin. Mr. Churchill's is more robust but then he does not tell the Americans that the bulk of thinking British people to-day believe that if we go to war with China it will be the Americans rather than the Chinese who have provoked it. Just the other day I met a friend who is a Roman Catholic and one of the highest of high Tories; he is one of those who thinks everything has gone wrong because Charles the Martyr did not win the Civil War. He said America's policy was mad; it was producing exactly what the Communists, his bitterest foes, would have desired. Bombs, he agreed, might create new deserts in Asia but would be unlikely to defeat Communism; G.I.s would not permanently occupy Siberia or Manchuria. The trouble with Americans was that when they had machines in their hands they never thought of the consequences of using them. A few moments later I ran into one of the biggest business men in England. He knows America well and spoke more strongly about American business stand-

ards, the catastrophic nature of Washington's politics and their repercussions on this country than I have ever dared to speak. He added that many other big business men he knew held the same views. He said that the two men he most detested—Bevan and Shinwell—were, he regretted to say, the politicians who had come nearest to speaking the truth about the situation. When I asked him whether, in view of our mortal danger, he and his friends ought not to let the American business world know that this was the way British capitalists were thinking, he said that neither he nor his friends would say anything in public.

* * *

Sardar Patel was one of the ablest men in India and certainly the most powerful. He had none of the mysterious influence of Gandhi nor the personal following of Pandit Nehru. But he was the organiser and the boss of the Congress Party. If the full story is ever told, I think it will reveal that he was more responsible than Gandhi for the failure of the Cripps Mission in 1942. He was a representative of Indian big business; he wanted Indian independence and was prepared to go to jail for it, but he shared none of the idealistic or Socialistic enthusiasms of other Congress leaders. I have seen it written that he and Nehru never quarrelled. This is entirely untrue. They quarrelled often and fundamentally. It is true, however, that since the British went out of India they both knew that India would fall to pieces unless they maintained a working alliance. The alliance looked like breaking up just before Gandhi's death. After it, they had perforce to hold together lest India should collapse into civil war. Between them Lord Mountbatten and Patel (with the help of C. P. Menon) were responsible for buying off the Princes and solving the problem of the States, thus preventing the often prophesied "balkanisation" of India. In general, Nehru and Patel managed together well enough because Patel maintained a Conservative home policy and left the conduct of foreign affairs and the public speech-making to Pandit Nehru.

* * *

In 1948 I was in New Delhi when Gandhi was killed, and I then met Patel on several occasions. He was already an old man but vigorous. He had not then had the heart attack which prevented him taking a daily walk at six o'clock in the morning, surrounded by admirers and interviewers whom he would not have time to see in the day. At lunch his formidable and silent daughter appeared to memorise everything that was said. I was told afterwards that she did in fact act as his Intelligence staff and made a verbatim record of the conversation. I learnt Patel's mind about Kashmir where I thought him more ready than Nehru to compromise, and about Hyderabad, where he was prepared to use force if necessary. At that time Patel was being accused of at least a measure of responsibility for Gandhi's death. As Home Minister, it was argued, Patel had been much too lenient towards the Mahasabha, who killed Gandhi because he was tolerant to Muslims, and to the R.S.S., who were openly drilling and forming a kind of Hindu-Fascist movement. But I do not believe that Patel ever favoured any form of communal violence and I formed the impression that he was as deeply shaken by Gandhi's assassination as Pandit Nehru himself. He felt, I think, a certain measure of responsibility for it. He was a clear-headed and impressive man who was not inhibited by Nehru's scruples and inner conflicts. He was wonderfully obstinate, as the British had learned, but he was also a realist and, if you knew your own mind and put your cards on the table, he was a man with whom you could do business. It is too soon to hazard any comment about the effect of his death on Indian politics; obviously it is an immense loss to the Right. But it also removes the disciplinary hand which has kept the Right in order.

* * *

The spirit of the Scarlet Letter found its way into our Victorian laws about prostitution. It survives in the almost incredible provisions of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1885, an Act whose ostensible purpose was to kill the "white slave traffic" and suppress brothels. In order, I suppose, that any secret condonation of compensatory vice might not be mistaken for official encouragement, the Act carefully excluded from certain forms of legal protection all "common prostitutes" and "women of known immoral character"—without defining either. Yet these, and not the vicarage *ingenues* of Victorian novels, were and still are the women who need protection against the trickery and persuasion of the procurer. Mrs. Barbara Castle, M.P., found as a delegate to Lake Success last year that the mere existence of this preposterous law branded the United Kingdom as a country with an interest in organised prostitution. The Bill she accordingly introduced last week under the ten-minute rule, to repeal the offending words in the 1885 Act, is the climax to many years' propaganda work by its promoters, the Association for Moral and Social Hygiene. I find it difficult to imagine anyone opposing it—unless someone more concerned to protect men from annoyance than women from exploitation may possibly raise the hoary spectre of blackmail. I should say that, whatever statutory opportunities we gave them, or withheld from them, prostitutes could blackmail like Corsican brigands if they wanted to. One way to encourage that is to go on treating them as though they were indeed outlaws.

* * *

Who are the "People" whom the Tories are so anxious to Set Free? Perhaps the *Daily Express* gave a clue on Wednesday. Grudgingly pleased that travellers are to be given another fifty pounds, it says this figure could be "trebled or quadrupled." But how many of the "People" can spend, say, two hundred pounds on a holiday for one person? Certainly not the thirteen million wage-earners who net less than £500 a year, nor more than a few of those who have up to £1,000. And given the general cost of keeping up a middle-class standard of life, I doubt whether many of the 140,000 who return incomes up to £2,000 would be able to splash £200 apiece on a vacation. That leaves something less than 50,000 "People" who might possibly do it, once in a way, out of income, though some might dig into their capital. Assuming that all fifty thousand read the *Daily Express*, its plea for more foreign currency could only interest little more than one per cent. of its readers.

* * *

If the gods laugh, they can also weep. They have plenty of reason for doing both. In the 19th century we helped to unite Germany; in the first decade of the 20th we feared Germany and, in 1914, rivalry led to war both to destroy our competitor and, as we insisted on saying *ad nauseam*, to end war itself. After the war we rebuilt Germany's power; between 1939 and 1945 many millions died to destroy it again. Now we have apparently decided to rebuild it once more. Let us at any rate stop talking about "victory" and "defeat." They are idle phrases. Surely the Buddhists are wiser than the Christians. Buddha said:

> Victory breeds hatred,
> The defeated live in pain;
> Happily the peaceful live,
> Giving up Victory and Defeat.

Maybe the same idea is contained in a Christian Beatitude about peacemakers?

CRITIC.

NOW WE ARE SIX

My daddy's dressing up as Father Christmas
With presents for the stocking and the tree—
I know he is, because he's always Santa Claus,
And it used to take me in, when I was three
I did believe in fairies, and in Santa,
But definitely stopped when I was four;
It isn't that I won't, but simply that I don't
Any more

When mummies shop to make a merry Christmas
It's up to kiddies all to play the game—
I wouldn't be the one to spoil the parent's fun,
And my little baby sister says the same.
The parents think we still believe in fairies,
But we have heard and seen an awful lot—
They think that games and holly and things will
make us jolly—
Well, we're not.

It's clear to me the whole world situation
Has gone from bad to worse since I was five—
We kiddies are agreed, from all we hear and read,
Next Christmas we mayn't even be alive.
I've talked it over with my baby sister,
It sometimes makes us feel a little blue—
We want to go to heaven, but not before we're
seven,
Well, would you?

When I was one, a bomb came down the chimney,
When I was two, they said war clouds had
passed—
Now veterans in the nursery this Christmas anniversary
Expect it may be probably their last.
With all the nations of the earth rearming
We feel it's the beginning of the end.
We're really not neurotic, but I think it *idiotic*
To pretend.

When Daddy's dressing up as Father Christmas,
When grown-ups are enjoying Christmas fun,
It makes the children glad to think that mum
and dad
Have not the least idea what's going on.
We want to be good democratic kiddies,
My baby sister loves the common cause—
But sometimes she and I confess we wonder why
Grown-ups can still believe in Santa Claus.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5 - for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Sittingbourne magistrates on Monday queried an application for an occasional licence to sell intoxicating liquor at the first anniversary celebrations of the Sheerness Temperance Club.—*Kent Messenger.* (G. Long.)

Lux. Flat. New modn. blk. Newly furnd 4 rms., k. & b. Never lived in. . . . Suit 4 girls sharing or Diplomat, etc.—Advt. in *Evening Standard.* (C. A. Moser.)

Totnes (Devon) Rural Council were told yesterday that the only people to attend a Civil Defence meeting at Halberton (pop. 1,032) were five octogenarians.—*News Chronicle.* (J. W. Jacobs.)

For January. Experienced working cook-housekeeper, required for young bachelor University undergraduate's week-end luxury residence, Sussex (Nobleman's son).—Advt. in *Worthing Gazette.* (E. Wilson.)

Holy Scripture, Writ Divine,
Leather bound, at one and nine,
Satan trembles when he sees,
Bibles sold as cheap as these.
—Notice in London bookshop window. (Dorothy Hallan.)

Spanish Journey

IV.—The Pillars of the House

Given its economic weakness, how strong is Franco's dictatorship? The answer, as usual in political matters, tends to be a paradox. In absolute terms, Franco's dictatorship is extremely weak, much weaker than Mussolini's ever was after 1926, and infinitely weaker than Hitler's at any time until the collapse. The imposition of a leech-like bureaucracy upon an economically primitive country, the maintenance of a huge standing army and of a huge police force, the interference of the Church in almost every kind of secular business, and a general attitude of devil-take-the-hindmost among those whom the devil has pushed to the head of the queue—all this has induced a sharply contracting economy. Year by year, under Franco's dictatorship, Spain and most Spaniards grow sensibly poorer.

In comparative terms, however, it must be said that Franco's dictatorship is extremely strong. Of course this is partly the consequence of a repression which is still, though under somewhat gentler surface manners, severe. The Government has admitted to having caused about 300 executions in 1948, but there seem to have been many fewer since then and practically none at the moment—partly, no doubt, owing to the effective cessation of guerrilla resistance at the end of 1948. Repression apart, the principal reason for the strength of the dictatorship is that none of the four elements which compose it (the State machine, the Church, the Army and the moneyed interest) sufficiently desire a change, or desire a change at all. The most that can be said is that groups and individuals belonging to the third and fourth of these elements, the Army and the moneyed interest, would like a change provided that a constitutional monarchy could afford them "a strong State." Their ideal is a "constitutional monarchy" plus a strong bourgeois dictatorship such as Primo de Rivera's was. But since few or none of those who desire such a change believe that this essential condition could be fulfilled, or that the removal of Franco is possible without dragging in drastic *social* change, they prefer to leave things as they are. As the chairman of one of the six big banks said to me, "the Republic is not compatible with order."

The Army and the Church, after all, have never "had it so good." Army pay may be dreadfully low; but Army privileges are dreadfully high. With 22 divisions under more or less permanent mobilisation, there is rank and prestige for everyone in Spain who wants to strut it in a soldier's suit, and active jobs for half a hundred generals. In 1950 the Army and the police force soaked up 55 per cent. of a budget of which only 1 per cent. went to agriculture in a country that is literally near starvation. The Army will need much persuasion before it abandons this regime of unprecedented peacockry. If it does act, it is much more likely, one is told, to try a palace revolution in which Franco is exchanged for Varela or another "strong general." Foreigners must also remember that Franco and his friends are betting on a world war in the near future—another reason why the generals should hesitate to make a change. It is also asserted that Franco has persuaded the generals that sooner or later the Americans will give him military help—a belief supported by Washington's sudden decision to advance dollar credits.

The Spanish Church, for its part, has power and influence which penetrate into every department of life. Ferdinand and Isabella did not do more for the Church than Franco has done. Numerically, its strength is stupendous. Apart from unnumbered monks and nuns, there is one parish priest in Spain for every 1,000 Spaniards; and the Church's hold on the minds of the people is proverbial. Its censorship extends over books, plays and films.

Much more important, the Vatican has a hold on Franco—who must, whatever happens, retain its international support—which it could scarcely hope to conserve even over a constitutional monarch, much less over a Republic. Prudently, the Vatican has always frustrated Franco's repeated attempts to make a Concordat, and this most Catholic country is still in the extraordinary position of having no regularised relations with Rome. The reasons for this prudence are not hard to discern. Traditionally, the Spanish monarchs have had religious privileges, especially in the nomination of bishops, which have given them in many practical affairs a status tantamount to deputy to the Supreme Pontiff. These privileges departed with the monarchy in 1931; the Republic then denounced the Concordat (but failed in the sequel to disarm the Spanish Church of political weapons, as it failed to disarm its other enemies). To Franco the Pope has continued to refuse a Concordat, and is presumably hoping to be able to enlarge its power of nominating the Spanish hierarchy from Rome. "The Vatican," as one authority remarked, "does not regard the present regime as stable"; it is therefore reluctant to grant privileges which might later fall into inimical hands. By 1941, moreover, there were 24 Spanish sees vacant—nearly half the whole episcopate—so that there was, and is, something immediately real at stake. The conflict between Franco and the Vatican has thus continued: last August, when Franco's Foreign Minister, Artajo, sued the Vatican once more in Rome, a compromise was at last reached—but still no Concordat.

Regarding Spain, none the less, as an inviolate fortress for the eventual reconquest of Europe for Catholicism, the Vatican cannot but be awake to the advantages which a prudently handled Franco can offer. It must also be aware, and indeed it says as much, that the Spanish Church's privileges and proselytising aggressiveness are hopelessly incompatible with any real democracy. While keeping Franco in his place—and one or two of the bishops who were nominated after the civil war directly from Rome, notably the Bishop of Seville, are regularly critical of the regime (and, after all, how many Republicans are Catholic?)—the Church sees to it, as far as possible, that his position in the country is never seriously undermined among the faithful.

There remains the fourth pillar of this unhappy house—the men of property. Why should Spanish landowners not be well enough content with a regime which provides them with a steady market, extracts few taxes, depresses wages, asks no questions, and isolates them from the remotest danger of land reform? The *latifondi* of Castile and Andalucia remain untouched in their boundless horizons. I am not quite so sure about the bankers and industrialists—a small but closely-knit community—who are not exactly in the same fortunate case. Against the benefits which accrue from a high rate of profit, from low wages and low taxes, and from security against Socialism in any form, the moneyed interest has now to weigh the very real disadvantages of the appalling inefficiency and grasping interference of a benighted and barbarous State machine. No doubt what the moneyed interest is after, at bottom, is a more advantageous *modus vivendi* with this State machine, rather than a new form of government. But the doubt now inserts itself that a "reasonable" *modus vivendi* may prove impossible. And although I do not find any convincing evidence that the moneyed interest is thinking of steps towards a change of government, much less of regime, there is no doubt that the economic crisis into which the dictatorship has steered the country is causing the bankers a great deal of discreet anxiety.

Decisive for the moneyed interest, above all, is the attitude of Washington and London, and primarily of Washington. The state of mind of many bankers and industrialists, I think—and I talked to several—is that Washington does not desire a political change (nor London either), but is well disposed towards helping to make the appetite of the dictatorship more "reasonable." They have especially welcomed American criticism of the financial and investment policies of Franco's Finance Minister, Suances; and they think, no doubt with good reason, that this sort of American pressure will achieve the improved *modus vivendi* they want but may not otherwise be

able to obtain. It is significant that the new dollar credits are apparently to be allocated, not to the Spanish Government, but to specific purposes and enterprises. The business of securing Spanish "private enterprise" a better deal from the dictatorship is evidently under way.

These considerations apart, it may be said that the regime seems universally unpopular. If the upper middle-class have found a profitable status of live-and-let-live with the dictatorship, the professional class and the lower middle-class have discovered, little by little, that they are being ruined and "proletarianised"; while the misery of the working people is already by far the worst in Europe. But the truth is that so long as Washington and London continue to make life possible for that "very very lovely and lovable character," —as Congressman Mr. James J. Murphy lately described Generalissimo Franco—the pillars of Franco's house will continue to stand firm—or firm enough. BASIL DAVIDSON

Barcelona, November.

So They Say . . .

WITH gloom and despondency abroad, few newspapers in Britain felt disposed to whip up enthusiasm for Christmas this year. Exceptionally, the *Daily Express*, faithful to its polyannic philosophy, last week began running a column of encouragement on its front page, under a holly-besprigged heading: HAPPY BREAKFAST. (This week the heading changed to FEELING LIKE CHRISTMAS?) On Saturday this column included news of "all kinds of Christmas fare" on the way to Korea. On Monday, the lead story, taking precedence over the fateful meeting in Brussels, was headed FOXHOLE DINNER—10*s.* 6*d.* It explained that this was what troops would each have to pay. (The *Daily Graphic* and *Daily Mail* worked it out at 8*s.* per head.)

The *Daily Express* also undertook a "human interest" search for the "Darby and Joan of 1950"—a tale of 10,000 old couples "to touch the Christmas conscience of those among us who may be neglecting the hungry in heart." The winning couple received a 64 sq. in. front-page picture in the *Express* and all the gifts that Santa Claus could imagine. The *News Chronicle* also decided to play Santa Claus to an old couple, telling their readers about it in a front page story headlined A PANTO FOR TOM AND ELIZA.

The *Daily Mail's* Christmas contribution, up to Tuesday, was confined largely to news of shopping and high prices, and a rather sour editorial, ONE WEEK TO GO, inviting its readers to make the best of "a little piece of scrawny ewe or, perhaps, corned beef *à la* Webb. . . for many there will be no turkey. . . the yule log will be represented by a handful of doubtful coal. The Scotch will be scarce."

Most of the Sunday newspapers ran competitions for monster Xmas hampers, but the main concern of many daily papers seemed to be the cost of Christmas. These surveys ranged from the *Daily Worker's* last Saturday (JOLLY XMAS —AT £100 A TIME) to the *Evening Standard's* on Monday: CAN YOU BALANCE YOUR MISTLETOE BUDGET?

The *Standard* investigator worked out the cost of a Christmas dinner for "a barrister's wife, living in Hampstead, with her husband and two children," at £16 19*s.* The total cost of "the kind of celebrations that were taken for granted in middle-class homes before the war" came to £75 14*s.* More adaptable middle-class readers of this journal can perhaps cut down on the £6 6*s.* for "puppet show for children's party," the £9 8*s.* for "drinks for 30 people on Boxing Day," and the £9 10*s.* for "electric train-set for son."

AUTOLYCUS

The Real Father Christmas

ON November 1, with a tinkle of reindeer-bells, the sleighs came whirling down the escalators from the top floor (Staff Only); and, since then, perhaps a million children have visited the toy departments of the big London stores and filed, marvelling, critical, or dubious, past a figure in red cloak and white beard. They have met Father Christmas.

Mere entertainment? Commercial ramp? Both; but also, and perhaps primarily, a means for the mass propagation of the Christmas ethic. I have tried hard to find out when Father Christmas was first brought into the shops, but the answer is always "As long as I've been here"—in one case, forty-one years. Anyway, it seems safe to assume the business to be of Victorian origin. It retains the uniquely Victorian fusion of sensible investment, formalised merry-making, and moral lesson. The true Father Christmas suggests all three as he mouths yet again: ". . . see you at midnight on Christmas Eve." There is a fat fruity flavour to his tone: what fun it all is! There is an underlying solemnity: remember that fun is to be enjoyed only when earned. There is an overtone just caught by the listening parent: you and I know that this is no airy-fairy philanthropy, but solid good business.

In some stores Father Christmas has a pretty free hand, but in others he has a set formula to pronounce. In one typical case, each child must be enjoined to be "good, obedient, and kind." As a consequence, he will get the present he wants—though a wink reassures the parent that the figure in the Savings book will be the index of goodness, obedience, and kindness. "Of course," Father Christmas confides later, "I haven't got time for that stuff in the peak hours. Pat them on the cheek and hope for the best, that's all there's time for."

Selfridge's, in case you wondered, gets all the letters posted by children to Father Christmas at the North Pole, Reindeer Land, and other "unlisted addresses." And each child gets a reply, tastefully got up in red and green and signed in Santa's generously sprawling fist. The reply shows Father Christmas at his most Victorian—wholesome entertainer, parson, and profit-and-loss accountant in one. "You seem to have a rather good record," he tells the child guardedly. He adds an invitation to Toy Town with its "many wonderful toys." Then he ends with exhortation and promised reward:

The Closed Shop

Up go the shutters on Saturday night and another year's Christmas shopping is over. But those readers who are combining their Christmas gifts with helping us to find new readers can still shop with us by taking a few minutes off from Christmas preparations or festivities, and sending us their instructions.

Here is our offer: we will send THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for six months (26 weeks) to any reader's friends (at home or abroad) *who are not already buying the paper*, at the very special rate of FIVE SHILLINGS (or ONE DOLLAR for North American readers—see below*). We will bear the difference between this and the usual charge of 16*s.* 3*d.* ($2.75). Each recipient of such a gift subscription will be notified and informed of the name of the donor. The recipient is under no obligation to continue after the gift subscription expires.

So we invite you to think of all the friends who, so far as you know, do not read the paper, and give an "acquaintance subscription" to each. Please include as many overseas friends as possible.

Readers of all shades of political opinion find our leading articles and foreign despatches informative and stimulating. But you may think of many friends to whom the literary articles, book reviews, the criticism of the arts, theatre, films and radio and the famous week-end competitions will make a greater appeal. So whatever your friends' inclinations, list their names and send them to us with your remittance. There is only one condition, that, so far as you know, *the recipient must not be already buying the paper*. There is no limit to the number of names you may send, nor need they be sent on the form below. A letter saying that you accept the condition of the offer is all that is necessary.

***North American Readers**
may send One Dollar for each Gift Subscription direct to our New York Agent, British Publications, Inc., 150 East 35th Street, New York, 16.

To NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

I agree to the terms of your Christmas Offer and enclose £. . . . . s. for . . . . six-monthly Gift Subscriptions at FIVE SHILLINGS each.

DONOR'S NAME & ADDRESS

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Gift Subscriptions to be addressed to:

1. . . . . .
. . . . . .
2. . . . . .
. . . . . .
3. . . . . .
. . . . . .
4. . . . . .
. . . . . .
5. . . . . .
. . . . . .

PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS

"Always be good, kind, and obedient, and I will do my best to make this the happiest Christmas you have ever spent."

To reinforce the appeal, Selfridge's last year added a new figure, Uncle Holly. Plump, clean-shaven, Pickwickian in costume and manner, he is Father Christmas's herald and assistant. He reaches Toy Town in mid-October and warms up the atmosphere for a fortnight. Once his chief is on the scene, his role is defined thus: "If the children are good, obedient, and kind, Uncle Holly will persuade Father Christmas to be kind to them." The intercession at the throne refines the mystery.

But a competing store has adopted just the opposite approach. Here Father Christmas is all informality: he has neither platform nor pedestal, but strolls casually about the toy department, often accosting children instead of majestically awaiting their approach. There is no insistence on the high moral tone. Father Christmas asks each child his name (the personal touch); promises to drop in by chimney between eleven and twelve on Christmas Eve—but, in response to parental complaints, "only if you are asleep"; and wishes him a happy Christmas. If they're happy, this modern patriarch assumes, they will be good.

Visiting a third department store, I found the approach yet more up to date. This Father Christmas remains seated and takes the child affectionately on his knee. So charming is this old gentleman's manner that it invites the confidence, to say no more, of mother as well as youngster. "One woman's come back five times," Father Christmas told me. "Don't know what she's after, I'm sure. The kid's bored by now." Whatever she was after, many mothers apparently lay in the fur-trimmed, capacious lap the problems which, for ten months of the year, go to the Child Welfare Clinic. "Won't eat prunes," the harassed mother breathes into the bewhiskered ear: or "Chucks all his food on the floor and thinks it's funny"; or even "Didn't he ought to be dry at three?" And Santa begins chidingly, "I see when I look down your chimney . . ." A few questions, an admonition, a jovial expression of confidence that "you won't let me down . . ." and it works. "One little boy had to be brought back twice," Santa recalls. "Nail-biting, it was. But he's stopped it now all right." In this shop, Father Christmas' rather dimly lit corner has the same air—half confessional, half bank manager's office—as the psychiatrist's room in American films.

Who—all illusion shed—is Father Christmas? Often he is an employee of the store. The management asks for volunteers, offers a high wage to counter the expectation of ridicule, and makes its choice. In one case, the roster of three incarnations ("so that the last child of the day gets the same greeting as the first") includes a hairdresser, a foreman cleaner, and an adjustment clerk. At another store the job always goes to the Security Officer—an ex-policeman of reassuring voice and soldierly figure. Some shops advertise in *The Stage*, and I met one film extra in beard and robes; but actors come up against an old prejudice—they are suspected of slipping out for a pint in the lunch hour, and "children notice that sort of thing." Other Fathers simply answered advertisements in the daily Press. One is normally a hotel receptionist—a perfect background, one would think. He fell and hurt his leg some months ago, so he was happy to be the Father Christmas who sits and takes children on his knee (the undamaged one).

Often, nowadays, Father Christmas is surrounded by other attractions. He may point the way to the Trip to Atlantis, or be housed in the Enchanted Castle, whose portals are watched, to provide something for all tastes, by girls in Forever Amber costumes. There is a shilling charge for admission, but adults enter free and children get a gift for the shilling, so all are happy and entertainment tax is avoided. Other stores charge nothing and provide no gift, finding that at current prices no child can be made happy at less than half a crown. One shop does give away balloons, but only to the early arrivals. In peak hours, the crush is so great that balloons, bursting at machine-gun speed, would cause a panic.

Do children still believe in Father Christmas? At one store I was told cautiously: "They think there is a real Father Christmas somewhere, but these men in the shops just stand for him." Does the wish—or need—to believe in this ideal Father Christmas suffer any hurt from too close contact with these Real Father Christmases? Let psychologists, philosophers—and even parents—supply the answer.

MERVYN JONES

The Old, Old Message

As usual Carola had to run back into the bungalow two or three times before they were ready to set off. First, she had forgotten her hanky, and then she thought she had put the hot plate on at "medium" instead of "low" for Mrs. Ramsden's stew, lastly she was sure she had told the old lady wrong about the time for Deirdre's bottle. As a rule Ray used these delays to memorise for his exam., running over one of the set schemes for the General Paper that the Correspondence School had sent him, or reconstructing a chapter from the Hammonds—he expected to do rather well on the Industrial Revolution. Sometimes, when his headaches were bad, he tapped on the gate post or called after Carola in the sharp, peremptory voice he had acquired as an officer. But this afternoon, although his head was splitting, his whole body seemed to resist any contact with the outside world. He merely stood, sucking at his empty pipe, and staring at the houses around him.

Even on this unnaturally bright and sunny Christmas Eve, the rows of bungalows and council houses seemed silently disapproving, forbiddingly reserved. The Slaters' home stood on the very edge of the estate, commanding a panorama of flat, marshy fields, broken here and there by a muddy stream or a huge oak in the last decay of majesty—merging at last into the faint shining vermilion of the roofs of the next "new town" some three miles away, and Carola's first reaction, as she saw the depression of Ray's stance, was to slip her arm through his and call his attention to "their view." With her new French blue costume and red leather belt she felt very certain of herself; even her lipstick, she thought, was right for once, would give no hint of the Chapel background of which she was always too aware when they visited Sheila.

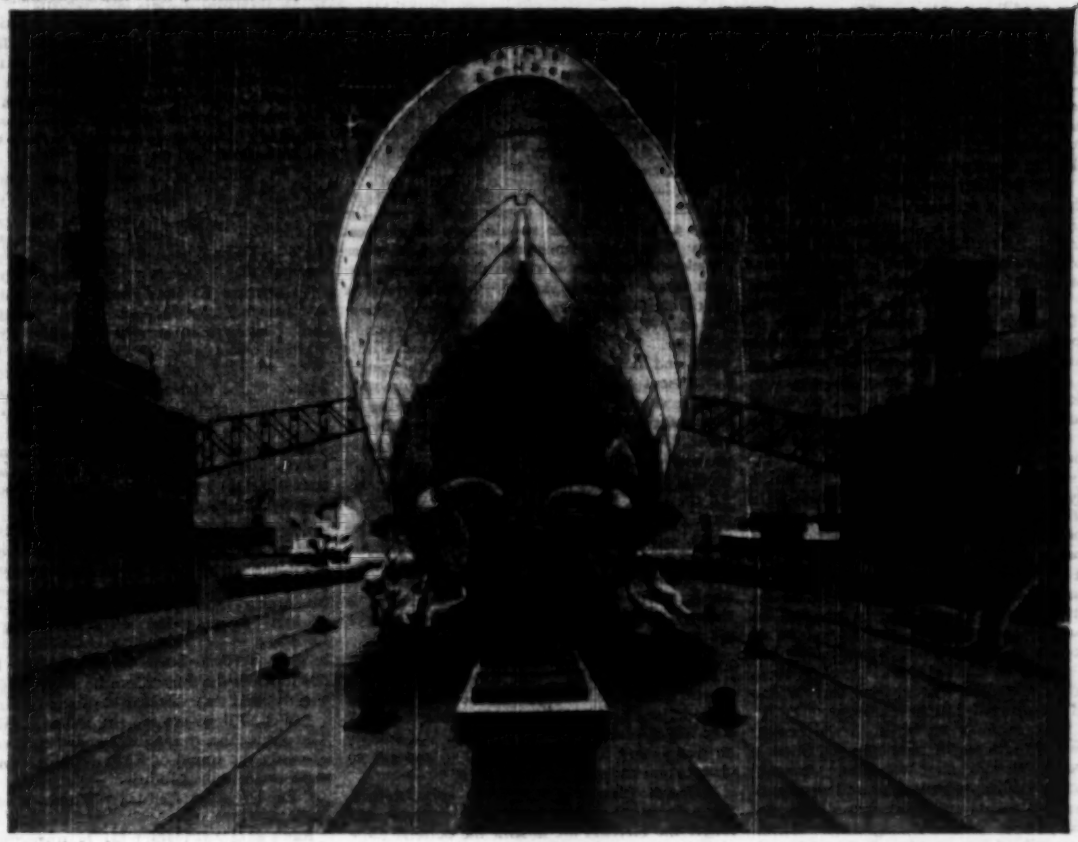
In so unusual a mood of self-assurance, she was more than ever proud of the position of the bungalow, so almost in the country. But as she looked again at the shapeless waste land before her, some faint breath of melancholy and despair seeped even into her snug chattering world; she blew it aside with a gust of solicitude for her husband. "You haven't got a temperature, have you, darling?" she asked, and put her cool little hand up to his brow. Ray only removed his pipe and said, "No." There was nothing Carola feared more than being a fusspot, not understanding or nagging like the old Chapel cats, so she decided just to chatter on—Ray's funny little mouse. She was glad they were going to Eric and Sheila, because they were such old friends, only she did hope there wouldn't be any politics. . . .

It was really just the neighbourhood to start life in, she thought, as they made their way across the marshes. They didn't know anybody, of course, even after a year's residence, but at least there was none of the prying and gossip of her village home. Yes, an ideal place to start life in, so long as you didn't get stuck. But there wasn't much likelihood of that, she decided, as she looked at Ray's tall, upright figure, his clear cut features and steady, reliable blue eyes—a Technical Officer at the Ministry and about to take an Honours degree. As if to echo her thoughts, Ray's voice cut across her chatter about Deirdre's attempts at speech.

"I've applied for the Inspectorship," he said in his usual clear, confident voice, but a shade more loudly to cover his depression with words. "With the degree behind me, I shall still be able to sit the Administrative in June. But it'll be the last Reconstruction entrance, and it's just as well to have a second string. Don't say anything to Eric. He's got some bee in his bonnet about sticking in the Technical until the Association's taken the new claim to arbitration. He simply doesn't realize that we'll get from the Treasury exactly what they can give us, which at the moment is what we're already getting. I hope to God he doesn't start on it to-night. Rights to this and Rights to that, he's still with Tom Paine. He and the old man ought to get together. Did you see Dad's last letter? He's back to Keir Hardie now, and how we aren't a "fighting party" any more. He'd do better fighting for Mother to have a bit of a rest." Carola tucked her arm into his. "I know, darling," she said, and somewhere from her Baptist girlhood her mother's voice reached her. Pursing up her lips defiantly she added, "As if we aren't all Labour, but we don't have to shout about it."

They had left the fields now and were passing through the overgrown shrubbery of some demolished nineteenth-century mansion. Through the rhododendrons and the laurels they could see the by-pass, its white concrete line of shops shining in the dying light—the snack bar, the Barclay's bank, the utility furniture store, Madame Yvonne's beauty parlour. At last they turned into the drive of a small Edwardian house. The lawn was planted with standard roses, but the conservatory stood glassless and derelict. The half-timbered upper storey of the house was a bold black and white, in the porch hung a wrought-iron lantern. Ray stopped dead in the middle of his loud discourse on his future, his thin lips and heroic eyes resumed their set of misery, then as suddenly grimaced into manly matiness. "I could use a drink just about now," he said, and, giggling, Carola answered "I hope Sheila doesn't make them as strong as last time."

Sheila, of course, had. "If you have drinks,



CORROSION

AN eminent British metallurgist estimated that every year in the world some 30 million tons of steel become unusable by corrosion, that is by rust. This figure must largely be guesswork, but it is an impressive reminder that, though modern skill and knowledge have enabled the builder and engineer of today to improve on the work of their fathers, their greatest achievements are still wasting assets. Steel and cement may replace wood and brick, but for all their strength and hardness, they are not immune from decay. They need protecting from the effects of the atmosphere, from sun and wind and rain and sea water. It is one of the duties of the chemist to see that this protection is given in the shape of better and still better paints. Until recent years paints were simple materials, made from linseed oil or pigments such as white lead. Modern research has completely changed the picture. Today the discovery and production of new protective coverings is a highly scientific part of the British chemical industry, dealing with an ever-growing variety of chemical substances which provide the bases for new resins, lacquers, and finishes; paints specially designed to prevent rust, to stop decay in wood, to resist heat, to imitate stone; lacquers for metal work; dopes for aeroplane and balloon fabrics; finishes of every sort for every sort of article. If protection is in a sense the first requirement of a paint, decoration comes a close second. The demand for more and brighter colours has been steadily growing for years. It has been at once stimulated and satisfied by the happy collaboration between the paint chemist and his opposite number in the dyestuffs and pigment industries. Together they have enabled colour to be applied to a constantly increasing number of articles used in daily life. They contribute to a more gaily coloured world.

ICI

have them good," was only one of the many solid maxims of her rich Golders Green background that she had tried so hard but failed to shed. She embodied three generations of business success—her own plain black dress and gay Jacqmar scarf speaking for bookish Roedean and Girton, something in her over cultured voice for her mother's feverish W.V.S. attempts to "make the county," and deep down a vulgar rumble that declared her grandmother's over-jewelled, porty goutiness. "How are you, darling?" She kissed Carola, "and little Deidre?" "Terribly naughty, I'm afraid," said Carola, meaning really that as usual she was afraid of Sheila. "That comes of feeding her on meat." Eric's voice was at the top of his Max Miller form, his absurdly young face wore its most Cockney errand boy look. He did not want a row with Ray, yet the news weighed on him so heavily that he doubted if he could avoid it. Only clowning, perhaps, could help; he would give them his every imitation from Eton and Oxford to the lavatory flush, and so, perhaps carry the evening through.

And so the party got under way. It was a curiously formal measure for close friends—rigid in its pattern like some saraband or pavane. They had broken down so many social barriers and prejudices to get there, and in the strange, flat isolation of the housing estate they depended so much on these bonds forged in the now distant days in the Forces. They felt justly proud of the emancipation that had sown the seeds both of marriage and friendship, but, though they had no wish to live on sentiment and memory, these were the only cement that riveted the fortress they had constructed against loneliness.

First, then, it must be ladies to the centre. Carola would admire the simplicity of Sheila's table-setting, though she wondered strangely at the lack of doilies, of little mats and of colourfully arranged salads and fruit that she copied so carefully from women's magazines. Sheila must praise Carola's new blue dress, and wish that she could speak about the dreadful little doggy brooch, first blaming herself for snobbery, and then deciding that after all there was nothing innately right about bad taste and petty bourgeois gentility. They were happier when they got on to Ray's headaches, about which they could both be sensible, psychological and practical. "What did the clinic say?" and "Oh, but that's the whole point. You *can* get decent psychiatric treatment now without being a millionaire." It was nice, they both thought, when common ground could be reached, because they did like each other, only they *were* rather thrown together. Gentlemen to the side, meanwhile, were carefully avoiding politics. It was chaff and office personalities, and when these threatened to get too warm, questions from Eric about Robert Owen, and Ray saying "but the only really good analysis of course was Engel's 1844." They could compromise and please one another in the nineteenth century, giving full rein to the mutual admiration they had learnt in the army. And now it was lady to gentleman. Sheila and Ray talked books. She, perhaps, found his approach a bit Philistine. "I know," she said, "about comparing Fielding and Richardson, and Dickens and Thackeray, but I still don't think its very helpful." After all, he decided, it was easy enough for her to say "damn Leavis, she still didn't think Conrad was any good"; she hadn't got to take an English paper. On the whole, however, they kept in step very well and were proud of their part of the measure. For Carola and Eric it was not so easy. He thought her a nice little thing, but as heavy as a suet pudding and far too like one in the face. She wished so much she didn't think him common. But they managed all right on praise of Ray and Sheila, and glowed at each other in the process. Finally it was all together to the centre with stories of the old War days and a good time had by all.

It wasn't Christmas Eve every day, so they toasted "Absent Friends." Each now slid away in a *pas seul* of memory.

"Absent friends," said Carola's mother, as she raised her glass of ginger wine, "and I'm sorry so many of them should have been absent from Chapel this morning." "If you mean Penelope," said Carola red in the face above her gym tunic, "she was skating. After all the river isn't frozen every Christmas; is it so very serious for once?" "It's pennies that make pounds, my dear. You can give a little here and a little there, and in the end there's nothing in the bank."

"Absent friends," said Sheila's grandmother with a snort, "I suppose Sheila's thinking of her Mugginses or Fugginses or whatever they're called. A nice rumteyfoo lot, not a penny to bless themselves with." "Hush, darling," said Sheila's mother; "we don't use expressions like that now. All the same, Sheila, I *do* think they're rather a tatty crowd." "I don't understand what you mean," said Sheila obstinately. "I think you do, darling," replied her mother. "There are—standards—gracious living, you know—that are surely worth something. It seems terrible to throw it all away unless you're very sure you've got something to put in its place."

"Absent friends," said Ray's headmaster. "I'll drink to that," said Ray's father, "To absent friends, the boys of the International Brigade, and to damnation to Non-Intervention." Ray felt his collar stick to his neck. Of course, he was against Franco, but what a moment to choose, and the sentimentality of it.

"Absent friends," said Eric's spiv brother, "and from what I've seen of Eric's mob, the longer the bleeders are absent, the better."

They felt warmer towards each other, after their lonely childhood dances were over. There might be faults here and there, but their friendship was built on a common way of living—tolerant, forward looking, never anti-social. Eric turned on the wireless to dispel the last clouds of melancholy. "Enjoy yourself, enjoy yourself, it's later than you think," sang the vocalist. It was then that Ray first lost control. Turning off the wireless abruptly, "I'm sorry I don't think I can stand that," he said. The others searched about for a means of passing over the incident, and they fell back almost automatically upon a familiar dirge.

Carola spoke first; she felt that she must excuse Ray's behaviour. "I don't think the air down here does Ray any good," she said. "It's awfully depressing," Sheila agreed, "I think that's why there's so little going on in the place." "Yes," said Carola, "you'd think there'd be a dramatic society or something," and she took Ray's hand, for they had met in a Forces show. "Everyone seems half asleep," said Sheila. "Asleep," said Eric, "they call a man a live wire if he's only been dead three weeks." They waited for Ray to speak, it was his buoyancy and confidence that usually carried them out of this mood. But his voice, when it came, was from the tomb, "It's such very flat country," he said.

Carola, once again, felt impelled to lead the party up to the heights. "Oh, well," she said brightly, "we're not likely to stick here long." "God, no," said Sheila, "Eric's only waiting for the arbitration decision to apply for a move." "That's right," said Eric, "and another thing, the Ministry won't be able to stand out long against the return to London. Devolution's had it. . . ." But he stopped in the middle of the sentence. Illogically perhaps, he found the name of London irrevocably brought the atom bomb to his mind. He'd been wanting to speak of it all the evening, but he'd promised Sheila to keep off it. They waited more than ever on Ray now, but he just stared into the distance.

"I've thought of the silliest thing," said Carola. She had to say something to cover Ray's silence. "Could we take one of the mirrors down, Sheila?" "Of course, darling, but whatever for?" "Well, I read about it in *Woman's Own* or somewhere. You decorate a mirror with mistletoe on Christmas Eve and it acts as a sort of crystal to gaze in." "Oh, do let's try," cried Sheila. Any port in a storm, she thought. Even Eric seemed enthusiastic. "What the Stars Foretell. Why not? I'm all for it." But when Sheila looked in the mirror, she could make nothing of it. "I'm afraid it's no good, darling," she said, "I never was psychic. Except that I do see how like Queen Elizabeth I am. My nose is fantastic." Carola wasn't sure, but she really thought the mirror did get a bit cloudy, and she saw something awfully like a baby.

"Hundreds of darling little Deirdres, I expect," said Sheila rather sharply. "Hallelujah," cried Eric, "fourteen Lana Turners doing the Veil Dance. *And* a kick in the pants for MacArthur, Deakin and Ernie B. This is Heaven all right. Open up dem pearly gates, I'se a comin', Lord."

They were all quite surprised when Ray sat down before the mirror, but he sat so long and so silently, that they decided to disregard him.

"Well, I'll go get me the wallop," said Eric. The sooner the evening was ended the better. It was only the sound of Ray's sobbing that finally woke them to his condition.

"Ray!" cried Carola, "What's wrong, my darling?"

Ray's gaze was blank when he turned to them, only the tears running down his cheeks seemed alive. "Oh! My God!" he said, "Oh! My God! I've seen Nothing!"

"My poor poppet," said Sheila, all upper middle class understanding. "Never mind. Come and sit down." But Ray just continued to cry. "Darling you must get him home," said Sheila.

Carola was so miserable and embarrassed. "If you won't think it awful. . . ."

"My dear," said Sheila, practical, never alarmist. "There's nothing to worry about. He's just overworked. But you must put him to bed and get Doctor Rayesley. I'll ring Quiktax now."

Eric couldn't help it, he'd suppressed his thoughts so long, and now he found himself saying, "I know what. Ray's seen the future and we've all been atomised." It was a facetiousness he would never forgive himself. But Ray only shook his head.

"That's all to do with you. I'm not concerned with it. This is personal. I've felt it somewhere about for weeks, perhaps years and now I've seen it. I've seen Nothing."

Carola's embarrassment was more than she could bear. "You old silly," she said, "We none of us saw anything. Sheila said so, and Eric was only joking. And as for me you know I can imagine anything."

Ray turned on her savagely, "Why are you talking?" he shouted, "It doesn't matter to *me* what you do or say." He broke off as suddenly, "I'm sorry," he said. "It's not of any importance", and he stared into the fire.

ANGUS WILSON

Folk Tale

Souvenir d'Yvette Guilbert

ONCE upon a time, the story goes, a Young Man loved a Wicked Girl. He was wicked, too; but not as wicked as she was. He lived with his mother, a widow, on the edge of a wood. In a flat in the town nearby lived the Wicked Girl alone, having disowned her parents, working-class people. No one knows how the Wicked Girl made her living, though she had many visitors in the afternoon. He did Pools.

Every day the Young Man went into the town to call on the Wicked Girl. Sometimes she received him; and sometimes she didn't. But he was content to do her bidding, and wait his pleasure on her doorstep.

When his mother came back from work at night, she made his supper. Each morning before she left for work, she brought him his coupons with his breakfast. And all the widows in the wood knew that as the Young Man was delicate, he had to do his work in bed. Sometimes they heard him from his window, spell: "Permutation, combination, Bankers' terrors Give two errors." Then they knew that the Young Man was busy, and the trees stopped stirring, and the animals went past tip-toe.

Now the Young Man lived happily except for one thing. He needed money for the Wicked Girl. So he asked his mother if he could sell his father's medals. And his mother said, "Dad's medals?" And he said, 'Yes, Dad's medals."

"Very well, my son," said his mother. And off he went and sold the medals. He also sold his father's books, various articles of furniture, and some oddments. And when the widows in the wood asked his Mother where her wedding-ring was, she said she'd lost it.

One night when his Mother came back from work she saw the Young Man sheening his hair. "Where are you going, my son?" she asked. "Out," he replied. "And I have roasted a little chicken for your birthday," she said. "So you've roasted a little chicken for my birthday," he answered; and went off laughing.

But on the way back from the Wicked Girl's flat he was sorry that he had spoken roughly to his mother, because the Wicked Girl had only given him paste sandwiches. He therefore woke his mother, and said he thought he could eat a little chicken after all.

The Wicked Girl, meanwhile, was lying in bed, thinking of what she would like for Christmas. Outside her window the snow was dropping gently, gently, and she felt happy that the world was shivering, and she was warm. And she looked in her mirror, and stretched herself and fell asleep, counting her lovers.

Well, the next day, as was his wont, the Young Man knocked at her door. And the Wicked Girl asked, as was her wont, "Any luck?" And the Young Man answered, "Yes, three draws and three away—fourteen pound ten." And the Wicked Girl smiled, and said: "You may kiss my toe."

In their hut his mother stopped crying and thought: "He has taken my savings. But he is so delicate, and I will be silent." And when he returned, he was tired, but he said "Hullo, mum," and his mother was glad.

That night, the Young Man couldn't sleep. A great wind blew through the woods, and ruffled the snow, and the Young Man walked in the hut, and thought of what he could give the Wicked Girl for Christmas. And he looked at his mother, and was angry that she had nothing more for him to steal. But she slept peacefully, dreaming that the Young Man asked her for cheese-cake, and that she gave him all the cheese-cake he wanted.

The Wicked Girl by now was tired of the Young Man's daily visit. Not only was she bored with him because he was poor, but he was dull as well. He was melancholy. And when he spoke, the owls hooted, even in day-time. And the Wicked Girl decided to drop him. But as she was thinking how best to do it, the Young Man called and asked: "What would you like for Christmas?"

The Wicked Girl pondered awhile, and said: "Well, let's see. I'm getting an evening bag, brocade, satin-lined, fitted with every beauty need; a perfume and spray with a lovely Lanvin fragrance; a three-way, off-the-shoulder jumper with alternative tops, black and gold; a cape in pearl-platina fox; and a jewel-box with jewels."

The Young Man said "Oh!" And the Wicked Girl said, "What would you like to give me?" And the Young Man said: "Anything in the world."

So the Wicked Girl said: "Bring me a pâté of peacock's brains." And the Young Man said: "I will." "And garnish it with flamingoes' tongues." "I will," said the Young Man. "But first," said the Wicked Girl, "you must bring me your mother's heart." "Even that," said the Young Man. And after a while he went away and slew his mother.

Now it was Christmas Eve, and the snow fell heavily, heavily, as the Young Man staggered through the drifts carrying his mother's heart on a platter. But though the wind blew, there was silence in the wood and silence around the Young Man, walking with no thought in his mind except of the Wicked Girl. And the ground beneath the snow was hard with ice, and he ran eagerly to the Wicked Girl. But on the bridge, by the frozen river, he stumbled and fell, and the heart fell with him to earth. And as he raised himself from the ground, a little voice came from the heart.

"Are you hurt, my son? Are you hurt?"

MAURICE EDELMAN

The Arts and Entertainment

HINDEMITH AND WHITMAN

"WHEN lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd . . ." How characteristic of Walt Whitman is that line: the loping gait, the artless inversion of the verb, the homely flavour of the plain word "dooryard"! Whitman has always proved irresistible to composers; his large, exclamatory manner excites their imaginations, and they find his loose rhythms and a-syntactical sentences as comfortable as an old coat. The latest to succumb, and the most unexpected, is Paul Hindemith. In 1946 he wrote a *Requiem "For Those We Love,"* which consists of a line-by-line setting of the long first poem in Whitman's *Memories of President Lincoln*—the poem whose first line I quoted just now.

Hindemith and Whitman have not much in common, except great fertility. A strong masculine impulse courses through the music, as through the poem; and the handling of the chorus and the two soloists is full of resource, although the device of a vocal phrase instantly echoed by chorus or orchestra is overworked. The prelude, on a prolonged C sharp pedal, is impressive; so are some of the later sections, especially the Hymn to Death. But in the admirable composition as a whole, we miss some vital essence—something which exists abundantly in the more sprawling pages of Delius; is it perhaps the scent of the lilac? Paul Sacher conducted the BBC chorus and orchestra in the first English performance of the *Requiem*, and Arthur Reckless distinguished himself in the important baritone part. A preceding performance of Bartok's *Cantata Profana* (1930) seemed to show that master in the unfamiliar and attractive role of a nature mystic; may we soon hear it again?

In one way and another a good deal of new music is now performed, either on the air or in public. But it is mostly music in the smaller forms: large-scale works, even those which are well received at their first hearing (such as Rawsthorne's Violin Concerto or P. Racine Fricker's Symphony) still have to wait an interminable time for repeat performances.

Mr. Fricker's uncommon talents have been much to the fore lately, his one-movement String Quartet having been played at one of the enterprising Mercury Theatre Sunday concerts, and his new Violin Sonata, Op 12, having proved the most considerable item in a recent concert of the London Contemporary Music Centre. His style is clear and precise, he hits on good ideas, and he treats them with a certain wry grace and distinction. The last page of the Violin Sonata is a finely imagined piece of sound.

It is time we stopped thinking of the American, Samuel Barber, simply as the composer of the famous *Adagio for Strings*. The *Adagio* shows a strong feeling for lyrical beauty, but it is too spiral and too repetitive, like a screw with a broken thread. Moura Lympany recently gave a broadcast performance of his new Piano Sonata, which is a striking and assured piece of work in a very different style. In the first movement two elements—a dotted rhythm and a falling minor second—are explored with remarkable tenacity; there is a brilliant quicksilver scherzo, an *adagio mesto* of which I am not quite sure, and a fugal finale with a first-rate subject and a succession of pianistic and contrapuntal devices which are always effective and never overload the texture. It is good news that some of Mr. Barber's recent orchestral scores are now being recorded in London.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

HOLBEIN AT BURLINGTON HOUSE

A HOLBEIN exhibition confined to his portraits, even if comprehensive, can never solve the riddle of his personality. One would need to bring over his religious paintings from Basle to Burlington House to see him in the round. The object of the present show has not been to unmask him completely, but to track his activity down the years he spent in England, to gauge the impact of his rise to fame on a still semi-barbarous island, to demonstrate how by degrees he founded a national school of painting. The organisers have succeeded in obtaining a sufficient number of his works from English collections and from abroad for certain salient features of his way of thought to rise up out of this restricted field of portraiture. Beneath the disguise of other people's faces and hands, his own powers can be seen to expand, and new problems to engage his attention, as the years pass. He lived here for eighteen months from 1526 to 1528, and again from 1532 until his death from the plague in 1543. During these periods he painted most people of consequence. He is represented at Burlington House by portraits of all periods, including two of Erasmus, lent by the Louvre and Longford Castle, painted before his arrival in England, and by several dating from his last years. In front of the Windsor drawings we are permitted a glimpse at his method of work. From this mass of material, from public pronouncements to private experiments, from youth to middle-age until his life was cut short, an incomplete but vivid impression of this enigmatical, rather cold and heartless, figure emerges.

The high position that Holbein attained within a few years of his arrival is not difficult to explain. No firm tradition of portraiture existed here; no formula for the human face, which would have made any other, more telling, rendering of it difficult to impose, had been evolved. The tough middle-class families, who, with the advent of the Tudors, were assuming power and hence the role of patrons of art, had not yet formulated for themselves those rules of conduct, stereotyped and artificial, that force the portrait painter to adopt rigid pictorial conventions. They were not yet well enough established to wish, or dare, to be represented as graceful, elegant or indolent; if the painter chose to show them as they really were, forceful, materialistic, perhaps ugly but with the kind of bluff dignity that accompanies strength of character, they were perfectly satisfied. It is only when a new commercial class is in process of consolidating its position that realism in portraiture is possible. This was still true of Sargent and Edwardian Jews, although by the middle of the

nineteenth century the painter had liberated himself to some extent from consideration of his sitter's status. The closest parallel is with the emergence of capitalism out of the ruins of the French Revolution: Ingres' portrait of M. Bertin is one of many that immediately springs to mind. It has striking features in common with Holbein's portraits of the merchants of the steelyard: with its insistence on firm contours expressing the sitter's own firmness, on the sweep of an arm, on ugliness, on drive. Holbein with his incredible technical ability, with the conjuring-tricks that he performed on objects, was well fitted to satisfy this new thirst for verisimilitude. One can imagine how he must have delighted his patrons by cryptic allusions, by *trompe-l'œil* jokes, by reproducing so accurately their hard limbs on wood.

However, it is not his realism that to-day moves us, so much as the dignity that he manages to impart to his sitters, that noble architecture of a round face and two hands separated from one another by a black coat. Many of his Northern contemporaries knew how to simulate the wrinkles on a face or gnarled hands but with them a portrait amounts to little more than an accumulation of skilfully transcribed detail. With Holbein it is the whole figure in its rectangular niche that rivets our attention. We would be at a loss to explain the particular hold that he has over us, were it not that we sense in his English portraits the atmosphere of international humanism in which he had been brought up, and in which he still lived when he first came over here, and the influence of his travels to North Italy where he had come into contact with the works of Leonardo and his Milanese followers. He even made a copy of Leonardo's *Last Supper* at Milan. He had studied not only Leonardo but the portraits of Raphael and Titian, or so one is led to presume from his *Derich Born*, for instance, where the figure is subordinated to a triangular composition, where the arm sweeps round to rest on a parapet as in Raphael's portrait supposed to represent Perugino in the Uffizi, and from his *Robert Cheseman*, a masterpiece lent to the exhibition by the Mauritshuis, where light plays over the surface as in Titian's early portraits.

Holbein seems to have been capable of turning his hand without protest to anything that might be required of him. He could infuse spirituality into the features of Erasmus; he could render the toughness of merchants, but also the kingliness of Kings. In later years when employed by Henry VIII, he abandoned realism altogether, since members of the court had to be represented not as human beings but as effigies. Nothing remains of flesh and blood in his portraits of Henry VIII and Jane Seymour. The new middle-class was beginning to adopt the frozen conventions of the Court. One must ascribe the decorative or hieratic treatment of the human figure in the middle years of the century—the tendency to flatten out the body, to concentrate on surface pattern—not to lack of artistic skill but to an urgent need of the time; and if we choose to describe it as decadence, we are deploring the disappearance of humanism and the emergence of a new aristocracy, rather than the failure of an artist of Holbein's calibre to rise up and fill the breach.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

TELEVISION NOTES

In its quest for "human-interest" material the B B C has, for many years, button-holed people at the microphone. Alexandra Palace has been quick to realise that the visual presence of the victim increases our curiosity on these occasions, and the screen-interview has become a characteristic feature of television. The actual performances, of course, are variable. There are dumb dogs who manage, even, to resist the sympathetic urbanity of Richard Dimbleby, and whose demeanour before the camera resembles that of a felon approaching Tyburn Tree. The cleverest all-round master of the technique, so far, is Wilfred Pickles, whose Saturday night *At Home* is even better than *Have a Go* on sound alone. One reason why these amiable causeries go so well is that he takes exceptional pains, I am told, in picking his companions at each session. He must by now have a sixth sense in discerning which of the multitudes of people he meets possess what the ordeal requires—above all, genuine matey-ness and a total lack of mannerism. But it is his own contribution to the chat that makes it so persuasive. His natural warmth is incandescent on the screen, his comment is always apt but never smart, and his range of visual expression, from gentle smile to sudden belly-laugh, has all the appearance of spontaneity.

How difficult this artless-seeming technique really is has lately been demonstrated in an attractive series called *Men of Authority*. The "sitters" have been Lord Samuel, Sir John Maud and Lord Lyle, all of whom have handsomely lived-up to the label on the programme in their responses to questions put to them about politics, government and industry. But their inquisitor fails, as a rule, to put them at their ease. Like an over-anxious fieldsman in the slips, he is inclined to snatch rather than catch their answers, and therefore often drops the ball. A more collected and easy-going inquisitor could make this promising programme one of the high-lights of television.

There is an abundance of plays on the screen, and one must commend the discipline and fortitude of actors who make themselves word-perfect in long parts for one or two performances. Some of the month's selections seemed to me bad choices. One was the ill-starred effort to transform Conrad's subtle story, *The Secret Sharer*, into dramatic form, a maladroit endeavour that retained not a particle of Conrad's magic of suspense, and was further disfigured by some ruinous mis-casting. Another dubious choice was Bridie's *Jonah*, mainly because it employed the method of intermingling film-sequences with the studio-production. In this hybrid form the differences between the pre-fabricated scenes and the main body of the play are lamentably apparent to the viewer—in pace, perspective and lighting, and, moreover, in plumber's parlance, nobody apparently bothers to "wipe the joints" between the filmed sections and the rest. On the other hand, at least two of the month's productions deserve the fullest praise—Priestley's taut and arresting *Time and the Conways*; and Ibsen's evergreen *An Enemy of the People*.

Television documentary has achieved another winner in *The Course of Justice*, a set of five one-hour pieces portraying what actually happens at the sittings of Juvenile Courts, Magistrates' Courts, and Assizes. The sensational aspects of the procedure are wisely soft-pedalled in the script of Duncan Ross, and what we see is an enactment, in terms of remarkable fidelity, of what really happens during an average day in court. Like *Matters of Life and Death*, this new series is a real eye-opener for good citizens.

W. E. WILLIAMS

THE MOVIES

"Jofroi," at the Curzon
"Plus de Vacances pour le Bon Dieu," at the New Gallery

No French film, I suppose, ever endeared itself more thoroughly with the English public than *La Femme du Boulanger*: village gossip, local charm, the spread of middle-aged sentiment took us south like a summer holiday. No thought that to-morrow it will rain damps there the flowering passion, wipes the grin off one's face; there the cloudless days stretch ahead, and Anecdote will assert itself. The fat baker has a pretty young wife. She *must* be unfaithful, damn it, public opinion requires no less. How else would they all get through the season? Won't the bread-oven that has ceased to glow draw them round, delightfully protesting? And, of course, it must be happily settled before long, because a heart-broken baker's strike in the winter is unthinkable.

Such the idyll, conjured up for us by theatre and life, with the camera casually looking on. Another anecdote, in the same tradition and from the same source (Jean Giono and Marcel Pagnol), awaits sun-loving visitors to the Curzon. If slighter, it is no less agreeable. Honest fatness has again to suffer, though only for a while; passion, this time, is the passion of an old man for his trees. He sells his orchard to buy an annuity, but his trees, long past fruiting, he will continue to protect, with his gun if need be. The curé, the schoolmaster, a well-moustached neighbour intervene; he is, so to speak, disarmed by argument. But—sly, reckless, devoted peasant that he is—he finds an even better way; he will make the other, the buyer, feel responsible, by threatening to commit suicide. Damnation won't halt him. He stands on a roof-top; he trails an enormously long rope across the market, and actually has to be cut down from a branch; he lies on the main road, waiting for cars to run over him; and soon the poor solid fellow with an axe who has been unlucky enough to touch the orchard is worried off his onions, his game of bowls, and into a decline. Not a moment too soon the trouble-maker dies naturally. This extravagance is enacted with enormous fun, sympathy, argument and charm; and Vincent Scotto's bow-legged old tenacity has the real unconquerable lunacy of old age. The camera—needless to say, in a Pagnol film—contributes far less to our enjoyment than character, dialogue, plot. I much preferred, by the way, the fifty minutes of *Jofroi* to the "pure Pagnol" of *Marius* and *Fanny*, in which, after an hour or so, I find theatrical draughts and the creak of boards excessive.

Plus de Vacances pour le Bon Dieu advertises itself cheerfully as being about Paris children and dogs; the first steal the second, both have a ragamuffin charm. Their adventure nips along, half-way between *Nous les Gosses* and *Our Gang*, and its moral (since it looks round for one) would seem to be that nowhere is dog-money easier than in Montmartre, provided you're of the right tender heart and age.

Memories of 1950: Chaplin in *City Lights* (to be followed, let's hope, in 1951 by *Modern Times*); Ophuls's *Letter from an Unknown Woman* and *Liebelei*; De Sica's *I Bambini ci Guardano* (seen at the London Film Club); Cocteau's *Orphée*; Jiri Trnka's puppet film, *The Emperor of China's Nightingale* (Biarritz Festival); revivals of Ford's *They Were Expendable* (private showing), and *All Quiet on the Western Front*; *Jour de Fête*, *Intruder in the Dust*, *The Men*, and *Sunset Boulevard*. Not a bad year—except for England.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"A Glass of Water," at the Mercury

When they asked Heine, on his deathbed, "*Pouvez-vous suffer?*", he gasped out, "*Pas même une comédie de Monsieur Scribe!*" This impromptu verdict, long since echoed by such varied critics as Gautier and Henry James, will be readily endorsed by visitors to the Mercury. First produced in 1842, this comedy of intrigue was ideally suited to the Scribist audience—"that curious, mixed *bourgeoisie*, of his time," as Walkley put it. To-day the play seems little more than a drawn-out trifle, involving an amorous Queen Anne, a virago of a Duchess, a wily Prime Minister, and a pair of young lovers. The characters, little better than puppets, gyrate in a vortex of plot, sub-plot, and counter-plot. Since Scribe was at best an inspired stage carpenter, there is hardly a stitch of wit or style here to conceal the bareness of the scaffolding. Without the original, one cannot say just how "freely" Ashley Dukes has adapted the play; it seems to owe less to dialogue than to Rollo Gamble's production and one or two good performances. The producer was probably right to decide that an outright burlesque could best solve his difficulties. The evening is redeemed by two witty pieces of characterisation. Agnes Laughlan, as the Queen, superbly portrays a shy gazelle of fifty with a *tendre* for handsome Guardsmen, and Vernon Greeves is magnificent as a bone-headed military man. Sheila Manahan and Cicely Paget-Bowman give able support as the Duchess and the Maid of Honour.

J. N. B. R.

The Institute of Contemporary Arts

The Institute of Contemporary Arts has had its new premises on the first floor of 17 Dover Street redecorated. It is worth while visiting these premises simply to see how attractive a not very convenient suite of rooms, on the first floor of a house in a busy street in the centre of London can, with ingenuity, be made to look. The architects Jane Drew and Maxwell Fry, have been responsible for the general scheme. The rooms are small, but by intelligent use of smooth, light walls and folding doors, give the impression of being much larger. Storage space has been arranged by means of a false ceiling. If the Institute achieves its aim of establishing itself "on a scale comparable to the Museum of Modern Art in New York," these premises will certainly not suffice for it. They merely provide a rather cunning solution to meet its temporary requirements. The Institute is celebrating its reopening with an exhibition of the very latest British painting and sculpture. All the works of art with one exception were created in 1950. It would not, perhaps, be sensible at this stage to criticise the Institute too harshly since it has yet to prove its worth. However, certain dangers confront it. Chief among these is the danger that it may all of a sudden find itself left behind with the "progressive" artists on whom it is now pinning its faith. Outrageousness was grand and glamorous half a century ago when there was still punch in it, but the sands are running out and before long the "progressives" will be ringing the few wretched changes that remain on an artistic tradition, going back forty years, that will be frozen, academic. The most inventive artists may find it necessary to come to terms with society in order to regain the liveliness that they will so desperately need. And what will the Institute do then? Leave its Braque, its Calder, its Giacometti imitators in the lurch? Or go on fighting an indignant battle on behalf of the "free" artist against an imaginary philistine enemy?

B. N.

Correspondence

THE CRISIS

SIR,—Mr. Attlee, in his latest broadcast, to which millions must have listened with anxious attention, said *inter alia* (as he had already stated in the House): ". . . the Korean conflict must not spread into world war. We must seek a settlement which . . . *will remove the causes of friction.*"

The diplomatic correspondent of the Sunday's *Observer* wrote: "During the Attlee-Truman talks, it is learned in London, Britain agreed with America not to join in any negotiations with China over Korea *in which the problems of Formosa or the admission of a Chinese Communist representative to the Security Council would also be discussed.*"

The logical implication of the *Observer's* diplomatic correspondent's statement is that, despite his firm words, the Premier had in fact tamely surrendered to extremist American pressure, though I am most reluctant to believe that Mr. Attlee has deliberately misled us.

It is unfortunate that, in the present critical situation? the House has already risen for the Christmas recess, so that there is no opportunity to press the Government for a clear re-affirmation of its position. May I urge that it is most essential for public opinion to be on the alert, lest once again British foreign policy drifts, under Mr. Bevin's ailing control, as it has drifted so much in relation to Germany, Spain and China? As we have long since recognised the Peking Government (and I am not aware that even the U.S.A. denies that Mao Tse-tung effectively controls China), surely we are in honour bound to support that Government's admission to the U.N.? On this point above all, we must stand up firmly to the U.S.A.

It is appropriate to recall that one of the reasons given by the Foreign Office for its cold welcome to the "Prague proposals" was that they covered only a small part of the wide field of the differences between the "Western Allies" and the U.S.S.R. We are told that the three Western Allies are ready for discussions, provided these discussions cover the whole field of differences. Is it not glaring hypocrisy to adopt, or even to suggest, precisely the opposite attitude in relation to China? Everyone knows that the Chinese intervention in Korea did not happen in vacuo but was in fact intimately connected with the questions of Formosa and Manchuria.

The issues that face us to-day are far too grave, being literally a matter of life and most horrible death to millions, for us knowingly to run the risk of drifting into a position of supine acquiescence, without hope of exerting that influence that we still command, in the most extreme plans of American expansionists.

I claim no special knowledge of foreign affairs, but as a humble Socialist I have watched with growing dismay the Government's policy on Western Germany drift during recent months from one that could be related to Socialist principles to one that no Socialist could support without grave heart-searching. The changes in policy are undeniable. That they have not been approved by the House or public opinion (which was not clearly informed of them) is also undeniable. The same is broadly true of our policy over Japan, Spain, Egypt and now Korea.

49 Clapton Common, A. SUPER
London, E.5.

SIR,—Col. Peniakoff is substantially right. The Chinese—and not exclusively the Communists—have strong reason for being suspicious, though mistakenly, of American intentions; for the recent actions of the U.S. and the U.N. have an unfortunate, though superficial, resemblance to those of Japan before the conquest of China. As we know, this was preceded by the invasion of Manchuria in 1931 and, before that, by the annexation of Formosa (1895) and Korea (1910). Consequently, the American "neutralisation" of Formosa, followed by the advance of the predominantly American forces in Korea towards the Manchurian border, could not fail to seem sinister when viewed from China. Add to this that the U.S. is a capitalist country and therefore, in Communist eyes, aggressively imperialist; add Gen. MacArthur's open support for Chiang-Kai-shek; and the Chinese Communist counter-attacks, both military and propagandist, are understandable. Add, too, MacArthur's insistence that Formosa should be a U.S. base.

The wise course would surely be to admit that the advances beyond the 38th Parallel were a mistake and to negotiate on that basis. This courageous and honourable step would, I believe, command world-wide support, though it is not an easy one for the U.S., where Chiang has been built up as a knight in shining armour, and so much aid has been given to his cause.

Fairford, F. S. BAZLEY
Gloucestershire.

AID TO GREECE

SIR,—We learn from Switzerland that the International Red Cross is appealing to Aid to Greece committees throughout the world to send the following urgently needed relief supplies for the 29,000 men, women and children who are still held (many without charge or trial), in Greek prisons and concentration camps. They report that the most urgent needs are blankets (the prisoners' own having completely deteriorated during their long captivity), men's clothes, underclothes for the numerous sufferers from tuberculosis, and nourishing foods for the children and for the more seriously under-nourished.

A bleak Christmas indeed faces these unfortunate people. Many, including 550 women and their young children, have only tattered tents to protect them from the bitter winds. May we appeal to your readers to extend the hand of friendship and make it possible for us to send a substantial shipment of relief for distribution by the International Red Cross. Gifts in kind or in money to buy supplies and pay for transport to Greece should be sent to the Relief Committee, League for Democracy in Greece, 89 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BOYD-ORR — JOHN MACCORMICK
SYBIL THORNDIKE — F. LEWIS DONALDSON
COMPTON MACKENZIE

CANCER RELIEF
CANCER SUFFERER (50868). Poor old man (80), can swallow only liquids, needs special food and minor comfort. This is but one of the many sad cases for which funds are urgently needed. Jewellery welcomed and sold.
No State assistance is received by the N.S.C.R.
NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR CANCER RELIEF
Appeal N.S., 47, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1

for a nicer tea have
'BERMALINE'
Bread and Butter

Caliban's Christmas Diversions

PROBLEMS

I. Pink's Year

This year Mr. Percy Pink is Snooker Champion of our club. There were eight competitors, each of whom played a short match against each of the others—four matches taking place on each of seven consecutive Saturdays. With each match won counting one point to the winner, the final placing of the competitors was: (1) Percy Pink; (2) Captain Yellow; (3) Dr. White; (4) Bernard Black; (5) Commander Green; (6) Professor Blue; (7) Joe Brown; (8) Archdeacon Red.

Here are some detailed results. In Round 1, Dr. White lost to Captain Yellow. In Round 2, White won against Joe Brown. In Round 3, Captain Yellow beat Black, while Percy Pink massacred Archdeacon Red. In Round 4, Professor Blue lost to Black. In Round 5, Blue was defeated by Dr. White, and Commander Green beat Joe Brown. In Round 6, Bernard Black was beaten by the indomitable Pink.

What were the results of the four matches played in the seventh (and last) round?

II. The "New Spokesman"

"We are just one big happy family," said the Editor of the *New Spokesman*. "Each of five of our experts has engaged, as his assistant, the only son of one of the other four."

"Which five experts are they?" I asked.

"Kant, Lamb, Newton, Ricardo and Virgil. Reliable writers, all of them. Incidentally, their subjects are philosophy, essays, science, economics and poetry. Not respectively, of course."

"Why 'of course'?"

"What I'm getting at," said the Editor, "is that the whole set-up is a trifle confusing. No expert's subject is that which one normally associates with his own name; nor is it the subject which one normally associates with the name of his assistant. Nor is the name of whoever is assistant in the sphere with which an expert's name is associated, associated with that expert's own subject."

"I don't quite follow that," I said.

"Don't you? Let me give you an example. If Kant's subject were poetry, young Virgil would not be assistant either to Kant or to the expert in philosophy."

"I get you now," I said.

In fact, Mr. Virgil (senior) is the expert on economics. Mr. Ricardo's assistant is young Newton. Mr. Kant's assistant is the son of the essayist.

In what field is Mr. Lamb the expert, and what is his assistant's name?

QUIZ

1. CENTENARIES.
   (a) One famous Stevenson died on July 12, 1850; another was born on November 23, 1850. Can you identify them?
   (b) A poet died on April 13, 1850; a novelist was born on August 5 of the same year. Who were they?
   (c) A famous composer died in July 1750; a composer of less eminence was born in the following month. Can you name them?
   (d) In 1650 were born an English king; one of the most renowned of our military commanders; two distinguished admirals. Can you name all four?

2. SHAKESPEAREAN.
   (a) Of what plays are the scenes laid as follows: (i) Messina; (ii) Navarre; (iii) "Partly in France; partly in Tuscany"?
   (b) Who were the sweethearts of (i) Ferdinand; (ii) Valentine; (iii) Lorenzo; (iv) Claudio?
   (c) Where are the lyrics to be found of which these are the first lines: (i) "Come away, come away, death"; (ii) "Blow, blow, thou winter wind"; (iii) "You spotted snakes, with double tongues"; (iv) "When daffodils begin to peer"; (v) "Fear no more the heat of the sun"?
   (d) Who were the fathers of (i) Ophelia; (ii) Perdita; (iii) Desdemona; (iv) Goneril?

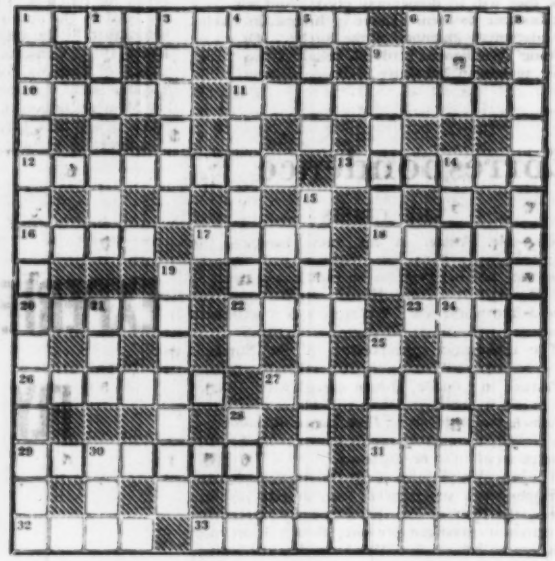
3. TOPOGRAPHICAL.
   (a) Can you name (in, say, cyclic order) the six counties which have a common boundary with Hereford?
   (b) Can you arrange the following cities in the order of their proximity to the North Pole?: Oporto; Venice; Trieste; Belgrade; Bucharest.
   (c) If you flew due south from New Orleans, what republics in Central or South America would you fly over?
   (d) "Equality" lies to the north of "Centennial"; "Sunshine" lies to the south. What three states are these?

4. DICKENSIAN.
   (a) "It was once my good or ill fortune, as it may be—before I became a widow—to move in a very different sphere. My husband was a Powler."—Who says so?
   (b) "To offer another original and undeniable remark, Sophronia, two and two make four."—The speaker?
   (c) "Set down, Sir; we make no extra charge for the settin' down, as the king remarked ven he blowed up his ministers."—Who extends this invitation to whom?
   (d) "What shall I put you down for?"
   "Nothing."
   "You wish to be anonymous?"
   "I wish to be left alone."
   —Who is this unco-operative character?
   (e) Where do we meet with the following?: (i) Noah Claypole; (ii) Mr. Pumblechook; (iii) Mr. F's Aunt; (iv) John Peerybingle; (v) Mr. Twemlow.

5. CARROLL.
   (a) "I know you are a friend, a dear friend, and an old friend."—Who says this?
   (b) What was done without lobsters? And by whom?
   (c) What began with blotting-paper?
   (d) "By the bye, what became of the baby?"—Who asked this question, and what was the answer?
   (e) What did Humpty Dumpty mean by "glory"?
   (f) Which of the jurors had a squeaky slate pencil?

6. THACKERAY.
   (a) "Didn't he shoot Captain Marker? Didn't he rob young Lord Dovedale at the Cocoa Tree?"—Who is "he"?
   (b) Who contributed verse to the local newspaper under the names of NEP and EROS?
   (c) At whose party was AGAMEMNON performed as a charade; and who played Clytemnestra?
   (d) Who were the "three pore Christmas waits" who appeared in a dream to "Pleaceman X"?
   (e) Who made the illness of the Grand Duke of Groningen an excuse for fleeing the country?
   (f) Who much offended Colonel Newcome by singing a ribald song in the "Cave of Harmony"?

CROSSWORD



ACROSS.

1 and 6. Many diplomats would like to have one (10, 4).
10. Culture's programme (5).
11. Poems rend the seed's albumen (9).
12. He "lisps in numbers" (8).
13. 12? Nope! (6).
16. Associated with pitch (4).
17. The Swan's testament? (4).
18. Crabbed but not noited (5).
20. Ghostly farewell (5).
22. Gilbert was their colonel (4).
23. "There are many events" said he "in the womb of time" (4).
26. Alas! The Jollies are surrounded (6).
27. Sortable fish? (8).
29. Caesar's book needs a friend (9).
31. Such a word is Lord Samuel's "indigentry" (5).
32 and 33. Israel before attaining independence? (4, 2, 8).

DOWN.

1. The 38th, for example, isn't (7, 8).
2. In a sense, they're web-footed (7).
3 and 19. Do they afford Pandit Nehru any respite? (6, 7).
4. How near is grog for these brethren? (10).
5. Yet they can be even (4).
7. Nightingale's portion (3).
8. What quality gives me a rose in russet? (5).
9. Struthio might be a chorist (7).
14. Fred Astaire's hat? (3).
15. Does he help to set the table? (10).
19. See 3.
21. I had a king (3).
24. The mouth of hell (7).
25. Bottle and Bottle? (6).
28. Red King who reigned in Dublin (4).
30. Give and take, dying away (3).

(*Solutions on page 662*)

Books in General

IT was like a visit to the theatre or the waxworks. One walked into the Langham Hotel out of the London daylight and was shown, at last, into a large, darkened apartment twinkling with candles. Heavy black velvet curtains were drawn over the windows; masses of exotic flowers were banked against them and, enthroned in an enormous bed in the midst of all this, sat the genius: a small, ugly, dank-eyed woman with her hair down her back, scratching away fast with a quill pen on large sheets of violet-tinted paper and throwing each sheet on to the floor when it was done with. A large dog guarded the morning's work from the visitor's touch. One had gone to have one's head bitten off either by Ouida or her dog.

Ouida would be under 30 at this time, a woman with her father's excessive nose and a rude grating voice. Already conceit, indeed megalomania, had settled on a theatrical character. She is not the first novelist to have delusions of grandeur—Scott had his Abbotsford, Balzac had coronets put on his luggage—for when one is dealing in fantasy, it is not unnatural to help oneself. In the secret room of Ouida's life, where the shames of her childhood in Bury St. Edmunds were hidden, there must have been a shrewd, hard, frightened being which stiffened its chin and told her that she had earned the right to folly and exorbitance. She had become the most famous novelist then living in the world when she was hardly out of her teens; she had slaved as only the best-sellers can; she had raised her unhappy mother from poverty to wealth; she had proved that the "realities" so meanly admired in a gossiping provincial town were despicable. She was original. The day-dreams of an adolescent girl had been imposed successfully upon herself; they were triumphantly imposed upon the world. How was it done? At the end of her life when she lay dead of neglect in a wretched Italian tenement, her maid reverently placed two of her mistress's quill pens on the table at the foot of the bed. The quill which had flamed over the violet paper in the gloom of the Langham, which had tossed ahead of the sprawling cavalry charge of Ouida's prose, had once more proved itself mightier than the reviewer's bitter pen.

Firbank, as Miss Bigland, her present biographer,* and other critics have pointed out, had read his Ouida. The day-dreams of Bury St. Edmunds where her plausible French father came to fill her head with nature lessons, tall stories of international plots and the dazzling intrigues of European courts, were the day-dreams of the whole of middle-class England and America. Liberal democracy was bored with its routine. The aristocracy and idle rich with their Turkish tobacco and their tremendous sins—how these haunted the heads of Victorian wives and their hard-working husbands. It did not matter that Ouida was ignorant of the fashionable world; all the better could she describe what the fashionable *ought* to look and sound like. The fashionable world itself, so childishly romantic and sentimental underneath its brisk airs and its levity, rather wished it like that, too. Her novels were the fantasies of the outsider, of those who have to keep to their station in life, of those who, obeying all the rules and calculating all the main chances, keep one corner in their minds for visions of an insouciant and gorgeous race which performs such non-interest-bearing acts as wrecking a career "to save a woman's name from the breath of slander," and lives with heroic and insolvent melancholy in the recklessly furnished rooms. "Beauty," the guardsman,

> had the drawing-room floor of a house in Kensington Gore, well-furnished and further crowded with crowds of things of his own, from Persian carpets bought on his travels to the last new rifle sent home only the day before. . . A setter, a retriever and a couple of Skyes (Ouida was always crowded with crowds of dogs)—
>
> were on the hearthrug (veritable tiger skin). Breakfast in dainty Sèvres silver stood on one table sending up an aroma of coffee, omelettes and devils; the morning papers lay on the floor, a smoking cap was hung on a Parian Venus; a parrot, who apparently considered himself master of the place, was perched irreverently on a bronze Milton, and pipes, whips, pistols and cards were thrown down on a Louis Quinze couch, that Louise de Kérouaille or Sophie Arnould might have graced. From the inner room came the rapid clash of small-swords, while "Touché, touché, touché! Riposte! Holà!" was shouted, in a silvery voice, from a man who, lying back in a rocking chair in the bay window of the front room, was looking on at a bout with the foils that was taking place beyond the folding doors.

Snobbery is often a form of romanticism; it is the chastity of the perfectionist. But on Ouida's level romance is not romance until it is snobbish; and not, we may say, as we look back upon the Victorian novel, on her level alone. One of the better rumours about Ouida's novels was that they were the secret work of that not very nice George Eliot; and do not George Eliot's heroines unfailingly go up in the world as they become more refined by moral struggle? Are there not pages of Tennyson that look like Debrett put into verse? And are there not, indeed, modern novels in which souls are brought humbly to the Faith by the glamorous sight of an Earl on his death bed? The material luxury of Ouida's early novels, with their crammed marble halls and their general air of being expensive bazaars of history, is the expression of an expansive society becoming every year richer on colonies and luxurious colonial wars. And is it far-fetched to see in the hysterical dialogue of her books something of the repressed emotional violence of Victorian society? Why else this taste for melodrama and the smell of sulphur:

> "Your lips were mine," she cried, laughing still in that mocking mirth, "their kisses must poison hers. Your hand slew him! its touch must pollute hers. Oh, lover, who lived on my smile! Did you not know the dead love would rise and curse the new?"

There can be no doubt when one has read Miss Bigland's account of Ouida's painful and ludicrous love affair with the Marchese della Stufa in Florence, that she herself felt in phrases of this operatic violence. And underlying it is her curious, rather seductive melancholy, the fervid not unintelligent Byronism which her French father must have brought over to Bury St. Edmunds from the Continent. —What happened to him? "Only the Emperor knows."—It was a sadness all the more romantic for being decked out with shrugs, floods of ungrammatical French and Bohemian cynicism; and it was also the inevitable undertone of the day-dreamer's life as, exhausted, she wakes up from her drug.

Miss Bigland's new life of Ouida is fuller than the memoirs already in existence. There are still many mysteries but it is a just book and cannot help being entertaining. It is marred, however, by a prose that is stiffened with clichés which are a good deal duller than Ouida's. What takes one's breath in nearly every detail of Ouida's life, is her boldness, her huge guzzling confidence in her powers, her ability to impose her life, as if she herself were a work of the imagination and not a human being. One is aware of a gusher. There is an appalling vitality which is undistracted by self-criticism or unstayed by the existence of any other person. She plays up shamelessly to the men. She had, for the purposes of her work, an extraordinary speed of assimilation, a greed for more facts to be turned into more dreams. Her so-called immorality—Miss Bigland has no difficulty in showing that Ouida was a prudish woman whose sensual desires had been sweepingly sublimated—enabled her to break conventions and, for example, to give dinners "for Guardsmen only" which were very useful in supplying her with local colour as well as giving her the best kind of publicity: the scandalous. A word or two about the Foreign Legion, a skirmish, an Arab café, and men who wish "to forget" would soon be transfigured by her reckless imagination. She saw the thoroughbreds crushing the skulls of the enemy; she threw in an abduction. Her tragedy (some thought) was that she was *a grande amoureuse* who was too ugly to find a lover. One suspects that her only "lover" had been that elusive refugee, her father. Though she may be said to have been continually in love all her life with one man after another, there are no signs that her love was anything more than a terrifying and possessive hallucination and often known to herself alone; if disclosed, it drove every man to horrified flight. He had seen the octopus and it wore white satin.

Ouida was an actress who never settled to her role. Now she was a foreign aristocrat, now the great political figure, now the humanitarian defending the virtuous poor against the wicked rich, now the cynic as wilful as her one remarkable creation, the Cigarette of *Under Two Flags*; now the misunderstood artist who will not sell her soul to a public of hucksters. They were, the leading roles of an internal drama.

Her financial recklessness, which ultimately ruined her, was another egotistical refusal to face reality. One need not go into her endless quarrels with her friends, her appalling rudeness, her idiotic law suits which made her a byword. And yet, as many intelligent and sensitive people thought, the impossible woman had some talent. Her conversation was often worth hearing. The kind of tragic dignity of the battered dreamer attends her end. A total in-

* *Ouida*. By Eileen Bigland. *Jarrolds*. 16*s*.

dependence of human kind—they imposed reality—was her desire. Her unassuaged personal emotions were unloaded upon her swarms of dogs; for them she fought her friends, quarrelled with the Italian authorities and indeed, in the end, starved and neglected herself.

There are some apologists for the novels of Ouida. She is said to have been an influence, though it is surely unkind to see it extending to Lawrence, as Miss Bigland does. We must agree, however, that she raises an early peacock wail of passion in the Victorian novel. *Pascarel* (which is admired) seems to me watery and unreadable stuff. The studies of the lives of the Italian poor are more interesting; they indicate a break with the earlier English preoccupation with Italy and, indeed, Ouida with a social conscience is a sentimental but bold writer. As Miss Bigland justly says, the reviewers who brought academic guns to bear on her fiction were themselves a little ridiculous in their solemnity. I have read only two or three of her novels and of these I prefer the unredeemed like *Under Two Flags* and *Strathmore* to the more respectable ones; the cigars, the passionate riding crops, the Rhenish of her country houses, the shooting women of her Algerian camps and the overproof Cognac of her Parisian Avernus, to the trite Italian works of her reformed period. I confess I have not read *In Maremma* which is praised for its landscape. Shockingly repetitive as she was, wild in her skiddings across drawing-rooms and deserts, she was not without shrewdness. She had an eye for raffish character. One responds to the tidal wave of her awful vitality, the terrific swamping of her prose. One would have given anything to go to her parties in Florence. Mr. E. M. Forster has told us that it is the novelist's duty to "bounce" us. Ouida does that with all her might; so hard, indeed, that her novels bounce high out of sight into that luscious upper air—somewhere between Mayfair and the moon—where the super ego practises its incredible scales and beats its frightful bosom. In its way, her stuff is more honest than the worst of Disraeli or Bulwer Lytton from which it derives; and more genial than the Barclay and Corelli for whom she prepared the way.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE WATCHERS

We crouched and waited as the day ebbed off
and the close birdsong dwindled point by point,
not daring the indulgence of a cough
or the jerked protest of a weary joint;
and when our sixty minutes had run by
and lost themselves in the declining light,
we heard the warning snuffle and the shy
scuffle of mould, and, instantly, the white
long head thrust through the sighing undergrowth,
and the grey badger scrambled into view,
eager to frolic carelessly, yet loth
to trust the air his greedy nostrils drew,
awhile debated with each distant sound,
then, settling into confidence, began
to scratch his tough-haired side, to snuff the ground
without the threat of that old monster, man.
And as we watched him, gripped in our surprise,
that moment suddenly began to mean
more than a badger, and a row of eyes,
a stony brook, a leafy ditch between.
It was as if another nature came
close to my knowledge, but could not be known;
yet if I tried to call it by its name
would start, alarmed, and instantly be gone.

JOHN HEWITT

A ROBIN ANTHOLOGY

Robin Redbreast. By DAVID LACK. *Oxford University Press.* 15*s.*

This is a charming and most opportune book for the time of year. Robins are inseparable from Christmas, and Mr. Lack, who is here concerned "with unnatural, not natural, history," is able, after a very pretty piece of research, to tell us how and why.

At first he thought that the association might have arisen through the natural friendliness of Robins during cold weather. Then, in looking over a number of early Christmas cards—which became popular about 1860 and many of which are reproduced among the illustrations—he noticed several in which a Robin was carrying a letter and was referred to as "postman." His next clue was Jemima the cook in *Framley Parsonage*, who said to the postman, "Come in Robin Postman and warm yourself awhile." Mr. Lack made a mental note that Trollope had worked in the Post Office and presumably knew all about nick-names for postmen. He next began an inquiry as to the mid-Victorian postal uniform, and discovered that down to 1861 its most conspicuous feature was a scarlet waistcoat. That is, the period of the postman's red waistcoat just overlapped the early days of the Christmas card, and so, "As the postman is the welcome bringer of Christmas mail, this would provide another strong reason for the presence of a symbolic Robin on Christmas stationery." It is a nice example of scientific method applied with neatness to a pleasantly trivial matter.

For Mr. Lack is, of course, primarily a scientist who has written an earlier book, *The Life of the Robin*, which is one of the best—certainly one of the best-written—of modern ornithological monographs. In this second book—a sort of pendant to the first—Mr. Lack deals solely with the robin in English life and literature. He has, in effect, compiled a robin anthology, gathering his quotations and extracts under such chapter headings as "The Winter Friend," "The Robin in Politics," "A Happy Christmas," "Robins in the Nursery," and so on to the number of twelve, and he has linked them together by a most engaging and, on occasion, lightly learned, commentary.

The literature of the Robin is simply enormous, from the sixth-century story of the bird tamed by a monk named Serf at Culross in Scotland, through Chaucer and Eliza Cook, to some this-year's Christmas cracker rhyme as yet unread. Of this vast quantity of reading matter Mr. Lack in his two hundred and odd pages naturally includes only the best—or the best for his purpose. But in his notes he also gives lists of omissions, and it would be quite unsafe to suspect him of ignorance of any robin story in prose or verse merely because he does not refer to it in his book.

Indeed, of all creatures, probably only the Rose has been more written about than the Robin; but it is, in the main, among the small and smaller poets that one must look. In fact, Mr. Lack must have spent many, one hopes not unprofitable, not unrewarding, hours glancing through Victorian "table-books" and the works of Mary Howitt, and Jane and Anne Taylor, and their like, in search of these pleasant trifles. Tennyson was so pleased with his line—

As careful robins eye the delver's toil

that he included it twice in the *Idylls of the King*, but this reference is too slight for Mr. Lack to have mentioned it.

Nor are all the poems and stories he has included pleasantly cheerful, or but mildly melancholy like that of the "Babes in the Wood." He tells, for instance, how the host of robins that invaded the Crystal Palace, singing to the visitors, hopping friendly amongst them, and finally nesting in the hanging baskets of flowers, came to be considered by the Palace authorities as a pest and were—O shame—poisoned.

And yet—what is one to do with a robin that enters one's house through any open window or door, has a preliminary sparring match with himself in a mirror, and then hops by the hour up and down among one's books? If one is not only a bibliophile, but also a bird lover and a gardener, one will perhaps recollect with resignation that guano is said to be five times as potent as any other horticultural fertiliser—what time one watches its daily accumulation on folio and duodecimo, trusting that with the return of spring and the advent of spring cleaning the dear bird will become attached to a mate and preoccupied with an outdoor nesting site. Meantime, here is a story to the point, not mentioned by Mr. Lack, taken from the diary of William Thompson, a Belfast naturalist and linen-draper:

> November 23, 1847. Taking shelter to-day from a heavy shower in a cottage at the side of the river Lagan, a robin came to the door, picked crumbs and flew away. The mistress of the cottage remarked that as winter advanced it would take up its abode in the house altogether, as it had done for the last four or five winters. But what pleased me (and induced this note to be made) was, that lest the robin should be disturbed, no cat had as formerly been kept in the house since the bird established itself as a winter inmate.

That is, no doubt, as it should be—as it shall be. But there is an awful possibility. Mr. Lack gives an impressive list of strange nesting-places—including an unmade bed, a pigeon-hole in a desk, and other domestic situations. Suppose the before-mentioned robin should select a not unattractive niche between *The Seasons* in quarto and the octavo first edition of Philips's *Cyder*. What then? A cat? or poison? Or the continued triumph of the true Christmas spirit long after the holly and the Christmas cards are gone?

GEOFFREY TAYLOR

A DREAMER AND A CARD

Peacocks in Paradise. By ELIZABETH INGLIS-JONES. *Faber.* 18*s.*

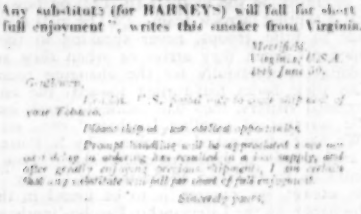
The Life of Dr. John Radcliffe, 1652-1714. By CAMPBELL R. HONE. *Faber.* 15*s.*

Hafod, a Gothic fantasy, was completed in 1788. It dominated a beautiful mountain-ringed valley twelve miles from Aberystwith; it contained a splendid library, fine paintings and drawings, Italian marbles, Gobelin tapestries, and every luxury, including a printing-press, which great wealth and extravagant taste could command.

Its creator was Thomas Johnes (1748-1816), Lord-Lieutenant of Cardiganshire and scion of a race of uncouth Welsh landlords who were beginning to outgrow a protracted dark age of tyranny and lawlessness. The scene of confusion from which Johnes's father emerged is reflected in the opening chapters of Miss Inglis-Jones's book. This father's capital assets were a compound of mines, mountains, bogs, and family pride; he had married the heiress of Richard Knight, the ironmaster, who had acquired Croft Castle, in Herefordshire. Thereafter he became the creature of his polished but purse-proud in-laws, and resided with them at Croft Castle.

His son, Thomas, heir to a huge fortune and great hopes, was attractive but hopelessly spoilt. After Eton, and a course of philosophy at Edinburgh, he went on the grand tour of Europe and was elected to Parliament. But he seldom attended the House and dedicated his life to pleasure and the arts. His first marriage ended in two years when his wife died from a wasting sickness. During this time of anxiety he visited his remote properties in Cardiganshire, and saw Hafod for the first time. His imagination, deeply imbued with the fashionable taste for the wild, and the picturesque, took fire. He felt a tug towards the crags and moorlands of his ancestors, which he resisted for a time. After his wife's death he travelled to Madrid with his former tutor who had, by the influence of another pupil, been appointed ambassador there. It was arranged that Johnes should become secretary of embassy on arrival, but, on reaching Madrid, he posted home without taking up his appointment. He at once married a Welsh cousin, Jane Johnes, who shared

"Any substitute (for BARNEYS) will fall far short on full enjoyment", writes this smoker from Virginia.



The original letter can be inspected at, and further enquiries addressed to, Barney's Sales Bureau 24, Holborn, London, E.C.1.

Smokers abroad can arrange for regular personal despatches. Ex-Bond and British Duty Free in 2-lb. parcels, to many lands, but not as yet to all.

Tuckboxes (full), Barneys (medium), and Parsons (1 lb. tins) Boxes Price 4 6d. ea.

(319) John Sinclair Ltd., Manufrs., Newcastle upon Tyne. (B)

I've Always
WANTED TO WRITE

How often does that phrase occur in letters from enquirers!
Many have tried on their own and failed. More have done nothing. They have been too diffident or too busy. Whichever group you are in, why not seek the advice of the London School of Journalism, the school that is under the patronage of leading newspaper proprietors and editors; the School which has led the world for over 30 years in the teaching of writing by post? You can always make time if you try and "Writing for the Press" is free on application to:

Prospectus Office
LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM
57 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1
Telephone: MUSeum 4574

LIFE-BOAT FACTS

RADIO TELEPHONY

A New type of radio telephony and loud hailer is being fitted to all Life-boats. The operators can talk to the shore by radio telephony, or to the wreck through the loud hailers. The yearly cost of hiring this equipment will be £10,000. Help provide this extra safeguard by sending a contribution however small.

ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION
42, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1.
The Duke of Montrose, K.T., C.B., C.V.O., V.D., *Treasurer.*
Col. A. D. Barrett Brown, M.C., T.D., M.A., *Secretary.*

Five years of STEEL progress

Steel was the first major industry to embark on a great post-war development plan of modernisation and expansion.

• • •

Management and men have co-operated in getting the most out of existing plant, and there has been willing agreement to keep the furnaces working continuously.

• • •

In research and training, in development and in securing raw material, the common services available to all firms in the industry have been steadily expanded.

• • •

Output has risen from under thirteen million tons to over sixteen million tons a year, prices have been kept below the level of other great steel producing countries and our exports of goods made from steel are more than twice pre-war.

In five years of progress the steel industry has shown what can be done by enterprise and co-operation.

STEEL is serving you well

BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

STEEL HOUSE, TOTHILL STREET, LONDON, S.W.1 (S)

his passion for Hafod, which they resolved to turn into an earthly paradise.

The downtrodden peasants of the valley were amazed. They would have understood a landlord who was a drunkard and a bully like most of the surrounding gentry. They did not know what to make of one who cared nothing at all for extorting free labour or higher rents, but wandered for weeks about the countryside expressing enthusiasm for waterfalls and pretty views. The improvements Johnes effected did not all turn out well; the school he founded had to be closed because of a dreadful scandal.

Johnes's family were permanently alienated by his abandonment of Croft Castle. They laughed at his plans which were, nevertheless, at many points in harmony with the arrogant individualism of his age and class. Tens of thousands of trees were planted; miles of ornamental walks were laid out; gardens were formed in improbable places; grottoes and cascades were opened up, and bridges thrown across rivers and ravines. Many friends, including the Lord Chancellor, Thurlow, Samuel Rogers, and, above all, his cousin and kindred spirit Richard Knight, were frequent visitors. Knight had, himself, built a mock castle overlooking a romantic valley near Ludlow which, unlike Hafod, has survived. So imbued was Knight with the Gothic spirit that, giving evidence before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, he said that he had "glanced over" the Elgin marbles, and was satisfied that they were not "good enough" to be acquired for the nation.

Johnes indulged in such reckless expenditure that even before a disastrous fire had destroyed the house with its contents in 1807, he was in serious financial straits. At one time his staff of indoor servants had to be reduced to ten. He rebuilt the house and re-equipped it as sumptuously as before, but the death of his only child, a crippled daughter, in 1811 was a crushing blow. Her monument, a masterpiece by Chantrey, which stood in the Church at Hafod, was destroyed by fire in 1932.

An adverse fate seemed to dog Hafod and its owner. Johnes possessed courage and obstinacy, but in his old age the mountains ceased to inspire him; they weighed him down. His health was broken; his fortune dissipated. He retired, with his wife, to Dawlish in Devon, where he died in the winter of 1817. The later history of Hafod is a painful decline, ending in total demolition while this book was being written.

Miss Inglis-Jones's narrative is marred occasionally by loose writing, and many dates can only be deduced by the exercise of considerable ingenuity. But she has a very interesting story to tell, and she has made an original and delightful contribution to local history.

Thomas Johnes had his head permanently in the clouds, but Dr. John Radcliffe (1652-1714), who is the subject of Bishop Hone's modest, discursive, but carefully documented study, was an earthy character whose feet were planted firmly on the ground. Radcliffe made a huge fortune as a fashionable doctor, and his princely legacies to Oxford have preserved his name. He was a worldly bachelor with a full measure of aggressive North-country independence. Born in modest circumstances in Wakefield, he relished his later social successes in the South. He was excellent company, and inclined to be a snob. As a doctor it is clear that he read men rather than books. He once told the President of the College of Physicians that the whole art of medicine could be put on a sheet of notepaper, and was not, apparently, disconcerted by the retort that his knowledge of it might be. Although he added nothing to the history of medical science, Radcliffe inspired confidence in his patients. He believed in fresh air, and in building up his patients' constitutions. The blisters he was fond of prescribing were probably less lethal than the bleedings, purgings, and opiates favoured by the majority of his colleagues.

There are many pleasant anecdotes in this lively and entertaining book. It is not a full-scale life; the text, with its index and appendices, only runs to 150 pages. But Bishop Hone has made an admirable sketch of Radcliffe whose flamboyant and interesting personality has been neglected by biographers. The book is excellently produced.

PHILIP MAGNUS

Ordinary Writing at Shorthand Speed

Dutton Speedwords, the new fast-writing system using ordinary letters instead of signs, can be used for rapid note-taking from the first hour of study. Much used as a practical time-saver by busy executives and professional people. Can be typed or written at 100-120 words a minute. Ordinary matter averages only two letters per word. Can be used for all languages. Warmly commended by G. Bernard Shaw and Prof. Hogben.

or Shorthand by January 23

Less than one hour a day of fascinating spare time study will give you mastery of all the rules of streamlined Dutton Shorthand *by January 23*, if you act promptly. There is then nothing new to learn and regular practice builds up speeds to 150-200 words a minute. Thousands have made good with Dutton—it's so easy to learn, easy to write, easy to read.

FREE test lessons

Tear out this advt., send it with name and address and 2½d. stamp for interesting booklet and free lesson, stating clearly which interests you (enclose 5d. if both desired). Special Air Mail courses available for overseas students.

The Dutton School, Dept. N.S. 17
92-93, Great Russell St., London, W.C.1

POTTERSHIP

Lifemanship. By STEPHEN POTTER. *Hart-Davis.* 6s.

"How to be one up on the expert—worthy ploy!" cries S. Potter, author of this useful textbook. *How to be one up*—how to make the other man feel that something has gone wrong, however slightly; such, he explains, *is* Lifemanship. Lifemanship—or, to use the more comprehensive term, Pottership—is not unrelated to Pootership, but in reverse, as it were. For though G. Grossmith in his rudimentary manual curiously chose to concentrate on the unsuccessful layman, the opposing characters, Upper Holloway lifemen of the Nineties, demonstrate some classic techniques that may still be taken as models.

One thing that strikes us about Lifemanship ("Cadmanship" we have also heard it prettily called) is that it is within the reach of all. It is not one of those "luxury" forms of hedonism so inappropriate to our own time, but is within the scope of the most common man or woman. We ourselves have met with many of its practitioners. Moreover, unlike most *de luxe* pastimes it has *no element of chance*. Success is entirely a matter of skill. Conversationship (to take a sample theme) in which few to-day have been trained even to amateur status, is a fine field for practice. Here we are advised when to use Glaciation ("gambits designed to induce an awkward silence"); when to "language up" ("to confuse, irritate and depress by the use of foreign words, fictitious or otherwise, either singly or in groups"); when and how to employ "You want a wash, I expect," and similar loan-phrases from the Hostmanship group.

An idea of Lifemanship's range can best be had by a glance at some of the other subjects treated by the author: Lowbrowmanship and its uses; Religion (how to make people feel awkward about); Geniusship; Dancingship; Donmanship ("The Art of Criticising without Actually Listening"); Clothesmanship; Telephone Management, with its difficult ploy of by-passing the Opponent's Secretary; Weekendmanship; Woomanship; Actorship, which includes the suggestion of the V-shaped smile for fellow-actors who are doing rather well. "Stand in the wings and be seen by them clapping soundlessly, as if to encourage." There are also notes on Family Christmas Behaviour ("the perfect *climate of operation* for the man who keeps his head"), some invaluable hints on what to do about other people's children, and—since some lifemen are also scholars—a percipient analysis of godmanship in Homer. Gameswomen may be interested in the footnote (p. 122) on how to treat a visiting lacrosse team. ("The girls stand aside in little groups, never speaking to their opponents when they arrive or when they are looking unsuccessfully for the changing room. With their backs half-turned towards the embarrassed visitors, they will suddenly break into little screams of giggling laughter," etc., etc.)

We have often asked ourselves why S. Potter, so enthusiastic an exponent of *methods* ("how" should be so reserved about *motives* ("why"). The answer, we suggest, is to be found in the sub-chapter on the Lifemanship Psycho-Synthesis Clinic, which claims to "Put Back the Hamlet into You." "Let us Restore Your Inhibitions," is its encouraging slogan.

> It will seem strange at first to the old-fashioned patient to find the psycho-synthesist lying relaxed on the couch while he the patient will be encouraged to walk up and down feverishly.
>
> We do not prescribe [the author adds], we do not even advise. All we want you to do is to talk, and talk guardedly. Never mention the first thing that comes into your head.

(We rather wonder if S. Potter is aware of the break-away group which does not permit the patient to talk at all, only to listen to the Psycho-Synthesist's inner history from infancy.)

Readers who, *for one reason or another*, have turned first to the chapter on Newstatesmanship, may observe that the author has left out an important piece of reviewer-play: that of selecting the book (as we have done) with the most material for paraphrase and/or quotation. But criticism pales before his recent brilliant coup of *writing a signed review of his own book* in a weekly publication. It is a feat of Pottership achieved by few if any lifemen and certainly by no layman in Reviewmanship's history.

NAOMI LEWIS

MR. HENRIQUES TALKING

The Indiscretions of a Magistrate. By BASIL L. Q. HENRIQUES. *Harrap.* 8s. 6d.

This bumbling, benevolent book will seem twice its size to those who have seen Mr. Henriques in action, not because it's a long, boring, or great book (it is none of these), but because its author's commanding voice, seeming to reverberate from cover to cover, calls up his massive figure on every page. It is Mr. Henriques talking. He writes exactly as he speaks, and you can no more stop reading than you could stop listening.

Because I can never quite decide what qualities I should require in the ideal juvenile court chairman, I do not know whether I am right in esteeming Mr. Henriques so highly as I do. He may be too rumbustious; he is certainly an ebullient public figure; he has some mighty rows with feckless and vicious parents in his East London Court—from whose Bench he rules like an affectionate Bligh on the bridge of a reluctantly admiring Bounty. But if there is a better chairman I have never seen him.

The chapters of this book started as lectures,

delivered by the author in various parts of the world; and although he has embellished them since, they are "indiscretions" only in the sense that they mince no words and spare no feelings. At this moment no aspect of social behaviour attracts so many expert observers as juvenile delinquency. Every fresh book about it sets them all against each other once more in groups. And when a man with the unique experience of Mr. Henriques, making no claim to be an expert (having, in fact, a healthy scepticism about experts) is found to be shooting in all directions, even the groups break down abruptly into startled, incredulous, angry, or delighted individuals.

Juveniles, he says, should not be made to feel that they are criminals (even, apparently, when they are). The "after-care" arrangements for those leaving approved schools and Borstals are inadequate. (This may get Mr. Henriques into some trouble.) Education is not playing its part—if the Army can teach an illiterate to read in six months the schools ought to accomplish it in eight years. "It is far better to know how to read than to know how to act or make puppets" (page 171). Girls in Borstal cannot be made morally clean by washing other people's dirty underclothes in a laundry. Sworn witnesses lie most. A significant number of young offenders have deaf parents. The Home Office, by directing that the new "classifying schools" (and not the courts) shall select approved schools for individual children, provides one more instance of "the executive trying to usurp the powers of the judiciary." Television is the latest example of effortless and therefore pernicious enjoyment, inhibiting conversation, needlework, reading, and creative leisure. (But it may keep some of Mr. Henriques's troubles off the streets?) In regard to girls, the youth organisations are failing dismally. "All who have the welfare of the nation at heart should enquire about the children of any women they employ during out-of-school hours." And so on—something for everybody, to catch them just as they are nodding angry approval of a stricture on somebody else.

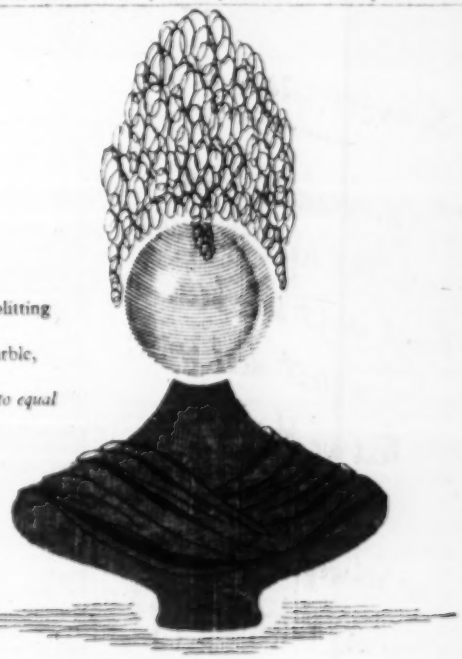
There may not be many new things to be said about young offenders, but Mr. Henriques's monumental sincerity makes some of them sound new. He writes with such urgent abandon that you are kept agog, less for what he will say than for how he will say it. When, for example, he writes (page 112) "Being the same shape as their own homes, the children feel quite at home in them," he is commending a Bermondsey experiment in ground-floor tenement flats as playrooms, not describing the infants in a Giles cartoon. And yet, if the children who swarm in the East-end background of this book seem dwarfed into the likeness of Giles infants by the personality of its author, it is paradoxical that this should be so. For perhaps his supreme qualification as a children's magistrate is that he has never lost an unusually poignant nostalgia for childhood. And there are now some thousands of children who know it. C. H. ROLPH

THE JEWS

The Magic People. By ARLAND USSHER. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6*d*.

As Mr. Ussher rightly says in his preface, having intended a book on the Jews, he has written a philosophy of history. Having examined the character of the Jews as revealed in the New Testament and their rejection of Jesus, he considers what would have happened to Christianity if, instead of rejecting, the Jews had accepted Him. Mr. Ussher's treatment of Jesus is of compelling interest, but some difficulty. He rejects the doctrines of the Incarnation and Atonement, yet is prepared to regard Jesus as God. The term God, however, is for him only a way of indicating Jesus's "unique personality and significance." Again, he calls Him "the Creator of the World," but only, it seems, in the sense in which He was a perfect man and so performed the office of final cause in the Aristotelian sense, to the process of human development which seeks perfection. Yet in no sense was Jesus merely the great ethical teacher upon which nineteenth-century Protestantism laid stress: "If Jesus," Mr. Ussher remarks, "is to be bracketed with Socrates, Buddha and Confucius, then He is less than they." Mr. Ussher treats Him as predominantly a Jew, adducing in support of this point of view that "Jesus was content to believe in Judaism, and in nothing else." Thus He did not believe in the immortality of the soul but only in the Judaic doctrine of an imminent general Resurrection. I have no qualifications to judge these dark and dubious sayings about Jesus. There is, however, no doubt as to Mr. Ussher's view of Hitler, whom he regards as a kind of Antichrist and to whom he accords one of the most devastating treatments of a human being that I have ever read.

As to Mr. Ussher's own philosophy, it turns out to be a version of the *philosophia perennis*, more especially in its expression as Christian mysticism, reinforced with a strong dose of Freudianism. It is this latter element which chiefly informs his masterly analysis of Anti-Semitism which occupies the later chapters of the book, an analysis formulated predominantly in terms of the European's congenital feeling of guilt. Not that this is all. For example, Mr. Ussher shrewdly points out that the antipathy which many Christians feel for Jews is in part the native distrust of the countryman for the townsman. True enough. Anti-Semitism in my experience is stronger in the country than in towns. Moreover, Jews tend to be ill at ease in the country, and look it. And, they give concrete causes for offence. Take, for instance, the all too common case in which a large country house and estate are sold because the family can no longer afford to live there. As often as not, they are bought by a syndicate, in a recent case known to me, a Jewish syndicate. Immediately the syndicate proceeds to break up the estate with



Note this head of fine hair

You read a lot of hair-raising stories nowadays. You hear a lot of hair-splitting arguments . . . So what will you say when we tell you about our Pet Marble, *which grows glass hairs so fine that it takes 500 of them, bundled together, to equal the thickness of one human whisker!* You don't believe that? . . . well, listen to this: THE FINEST ALL-ROUND INSULATING MATERIAL IN THE WORLD IS MADE OF FILAMENTS LIKE THESE, SPUN FROM GLASS MARBLES. It's used in buildings, dynamos, ships, railway engines, refrigerators, acroplanes . . . It's called:—

FIBREGLASS

TRADE MARK

FIBREGLASS LIMITED, RAVENHEAD, ST. HELENS, LANCS. TELEPHONE: ST. HELENS 4224

a view to selling it in separate lots. Workmen descend upon the place like a swarm of locusts, build ignoble little houses and cut down noble trees. Having effectively devastated the place, the Jews and their workmen withdraw and the countryside is left to lament and to curse. No blame, this, to the Jews but blame, rather, to us who first compelled the Jews to live for centuries in the slums of towns, and then proceed to demonstrate their insensitiveness to any consideration but that of gain by pointing to the fact that they have no care or value for the country.

When, however, we have come to the end of our analysis of the Jewish question in terms of the opposition between townsman and countryman, immigrant and native, nomad and settler, or even between the congenital misfit and the *petit bourgeois*, something, Mr. Ussher thinks, is still left over. Let me put it in his words:

> Anti-Semitism is a thing of the depths. . . . It is on the sub-conscious level what the early Christianity was, to so large an extent consciously—*the revolt of the born slave*. It is the hatred of Europe for its King Jesus.

It will end only when "the Jews learn to accept the greatest of their sons," and the Christians "to honour the race which produced the greatest child of man." Mr. Ussher concludes that unless Europe learns this lesson, "she will assuredly perish, like all the civilisations that have persecuted Israel." So much for the matter of this fascinating book.

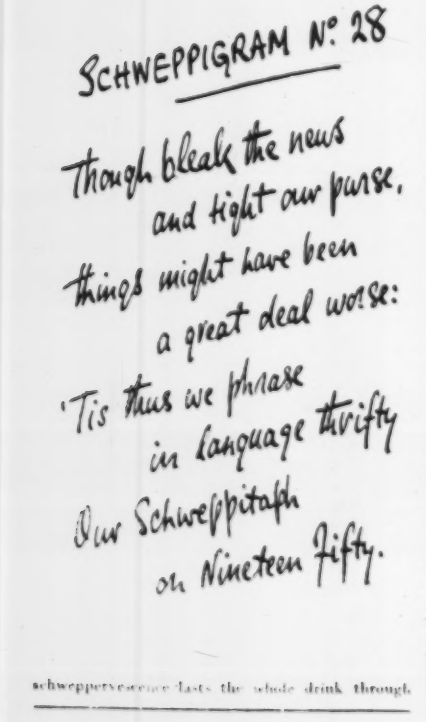
Much has been written in praise of Mr. Ussher's style. It is a vivid, nervous style, constantly breaking out into gay sallies and provocative asides. His expression is terse. He says profound things, but he says them without an effort and does not dwell on them. Take, for example, his remark that "in the legends no man could look upon his 'wraith' and live; and Hitler was the 'wraith' of Western man"—a remark that provokes thought and can bear it. Or his passing observation to the effect that Shylock can hardly be expected to be an accurate portrait of a Jew—it errs by making him revengeful and bloody-minded—since no Jews were allowed in sixteenth-century England, and it is unlikely that Shakespeare ever met one.

As a result, Mr. Ussher has produced a gay and vigorous dissertation on a subject which is usually given over to a dreary portentousness, a dissertation which mingles delight with enlightenment. Sometimes his method over-reaches itself and betrays him into apocalyptic utterances whose interpretation is hidden, at least for me. He has, for example, an argument to the effect that because the German is nearer to the "mystical and brutal Middle Ages" than we are, he is also nearer to "the Jew and his enigma." "In the heart of Europe," he goes on, "these two spirits will always be at strife. . . . It is not from mere perversity," he concludes, "that the Europeanised Jew seems constantly to gravitate towards *Mitteleuropa*." Perhaps not, but if not from perversity, from what? Honestly, I don't know, and yet I feel that the preceding sentences were meant to tell me. And will the Jew always tend to gravitate to *Mitteleuropa*? Is he doing so now? It is highly doubtful and difficult, therefore, to avoid the conclusion that Mr. Ussher's preoccupation with the intricacies of his own thought has warped his judgment.

So, too, in regard to his final conclusion, which I find difficult to follow. Roughly, it is as follows: Christ did not save Christians from the need to rely upon saviours and, since saviours suppress the natural Adam in us, from the need for scape-goats on whom to vent the suppressed elements of our natures. Hence the truth that "All life lives on other life, and that humanity at best is stricken with guilt," which, being applied, means that "We all nailed Christ to the Cross we all built the Nazis' suffocation chambers." Mr. Ussher concludes that the realisation of this truth will lead to the reconciliation of Jew and Gentile in "a synthesis in which the 'Aryan' may contribute the philosophic element, the 'Semite' the mystical. For 'Salvation' —the touch of alchemy that makes life magical —we are told, 'is of the Jews.'"

I hope that he is right but I am blest if I can see why. I should have thought that the most obvious conclusion to be drawn from the considerations adduced is that the need for a scape-goat would be eternal. But you can see the quality, if not always the meaning, of Mr. Ussher's writing.

C. E. M. JOAD



THAT ENGLAND

The Visitors' Book. By HARRY BALLAM and ROY LEWIS. *Parrish.* 15s.

The other day, I asked a foreigner, resident here for a couple of years, what were the chief impressions made on her by life in England. She replied: "Dirt, amiability, class-consciousness and a magnificent aversion from hard work." Every count in this contemporary verdict can be supported by the evidence of one or other of the sixty-five visitors from abroad whose comments on England, from 1498 to 1950, the editors of this anthology have collected. But a curious feature of the record is that many English traits have apparently been intermittent. Thus the dirtiness of England, which appalled Venetian visitors in the sixteenth century and shocks trans-Atlantic tourists to-day, was apparently not characteristic of 1725, when a young Swiss gentleman found that "the amount of water English people employ is inconceivable, especially for the cleansing of their houses." Again, the laziness which impressed foreign travellers in Tudor and Stuart England, and apparently strikes some visitors these days, was signally absent from the sixteenth-century scene, when the prevalent Virtue of Hard Work drew from tourists respectful admiration. As for amiability, there is a remarkable conflict in visitors' testimony through the years. Frenchmen, Italians, and Greeks were unanimous that the Elizabethans were xenophobes, "proud and overbearing", and, as late as 1907, Emile Cammaerts records the resentment of "the alien," who is "stared at and shoved out of the way, never to meet with a friendly glance or word." Yet many "aliens"—even Frenchmen—from Rochefoucauld in 1784 to Pierre Maillaud in 1945, have paid warm tribute to English hospitality.

He remains, in fact, a bit of an enigma—this Englishman who emerges from the pages of *The Visitors' Book*. In 1852 (according to Alexander Herzen) he "never in any case knows how to form a queue"; but in 1946 a Hungarian writer observes—how truly!—that "queueing is the national pastime." Kind to animals, less kind to children, he is criticised by Stephen Fiske, a hundred years ago, for commonly treating his wife as a "menial"; yet in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries England was known as "*il paradiso delle donne*." Reserved and sexually an indifferent performer, he is described as "*capable de tout*" when in love. Belonging to a "nation of shopkeepers," he has little pride in trade or craft, and longs chiefly to be a country gentleman. Polite to an extreme (evidence by Hans Andersen) he is off-hand, self-satisfied and surly—according to a cloud of witnesses. Open-handed, he is nevertheless an acquisitive materialist who worships property (Emerson, 1847); invariably punctual in his appointments, he is traditionally "capricious and melancholy."

To those familiar with "This England" in the columns of this journal the curious contradictions in the English character which this book reveals will come as no surprise; nor will they, with their education in the less admirable English traits, be shocked to discover that the Englishman has not always been rated by foreigners as highly as he undoubtedly rates himself. They should find in this volume an agreeable addition to the bedside library, and a safe present for Scots or Irish friends.

AYLMER VALLANCE

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,087

Set by Eric Hicks

The usual prizes are offered for a letter (limit 150 words), offering frank advice, from either Dr. W. G. Grace to F. R. Brown, captain of the England cricket team: President Abraham Lincoln to President Truman: Mr. W. E. Gladstone to Lady Megan Lloyd-George; Sir Joshua Reynolds to Sir Gerald Kelly; General Ulysses Grant to General MacArthur; or Prince Consort Albert to Mr. Gerald Barry. Entries by January 2nd.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,084

Set by Janet Adam Smith

> Competitors are invited to compose an alphabetical alliterative poem on the lines of "An Austrian Army awfully arrayed," but with a more reasonable laxity in alliteration: not every word need conform. *Ex* - will be accepted instead of X.

Report by Janet Adam Smith

Most competitors gladly took advantage of the "reasonable laxity" which the setter thought it only seasonable to offer. But a fanatic few, like Leslie Johnson ("I have scorned to avail myself . . . .") insisted on the full rigours of the game as originally played by Alaric Watts. The real difficulty in this form is to keep some kind of narrative interest, or development of a theme, going all through the alphabet. Many didn't even try: like R. J. P. Hewison with his amusing "Market Catalogue," R. S. Stanier with his "Holidays Abroad," and Leslie Johnson with his Alphabetical Chapter of Accidents, they produced Lists. Easily the best entry is Guy Innes's "The Test Series," which observes all the rules. Three guineas to him; and one guinea each to M. Stanier, best of the "reasonable laxity" group, Ioan ap Rhys and L. E. J. Honourable mention: J. P. Stevenson (one excellent line—"expecting existentialist extinction"), Veritas, Allan M. Laing and Tallin.

THE TEST SERIES

Albion's athletes, ambitiously arrayed,
Beset by barrackers, by Blimps bewrayed,
Consider carefully-concerted coups
Defeating "ducks," devising deft debuts,
Enthralling each, enchanting everyone,
Furiously flailing, forcing follow-on.
Glee gathers ground, grit generateth glee;
Haymakers' heaves hit hundreds heartily;
Intrepid innings irrepressible
Jar jeering Jonah, jealous Jezebel.
Kinetic knowledge kidding Kangaroos
Launches leg-glances lavishly let loose—
Majestic movements marking mastery,
Napoleon's nerve, Nijinsky's nicety;
Over on over offers, "off" or "on,"
Perfected play's profound phenomenon,
Quieting question, quenching querulous quip,
Reproving rattle-pated rivalship;
Swiping successful, stacking splendid scores,
Triumphant team, transcendent toreadors!
Unquelled, united, urgent, unuproarious,
Volatile, virile, valiantly victorious!
Wise Wisden wots where willow-wielders went,
Xpert xponents, xports xcellent:
Young yeomen, yorking Yarra's youngsters—yes,
Zouave-like zip, Zulkarnein's * zealousness!

GUY INNES

* The setter will probably understand cricket: but it might be explained that Zulkarnein is one of the traditional names of Alexander the Great.

An adaptable artist, with assets all awry,
Button-holed a butcher, and badgered him to buy.
"Can I coat you a canvas craftily with chrome?
Do a decoration for your dining-car-with-dome?
Etch you exquisitely with elegance immense
Fine framed fashion-plates at fabulous expense?
Guaranteed gouaches, glamourous and grand?
Hideous headscarves, hacked out by hand?
Ideally Impressionist, I idly Ingres invoke;
Jestingly, however, I enjoy a jaunty joke—
Kaleidoscopic kangaroos à la Paul Klee,
Laughing, languid ladies—the Leonardo lay.
Of monumental masonry, or making a mud-pie
The Neo-pointillist in me is never never shy.
O to be an Orpen! Only olive-Oil and ochre
Prime my palette, but I'll paint you pleasing portraits with a poker.
Quickly quell my querulousness with a quiet quid!
Riches e'en a Rubens of rapacity would rid."
"Stop!" said the sausage-seller, "Surely you can see
Two and twopence for a Turner is tons too much to me.
Utter unaffluence urges me to use
Violent veto, voluble Velasquez, so vamoose."
Woe for the artist! Wearily he went
Exceedingly for self-extermination exigent.
Yearningly he yodelled, as he yanked off his head.
Zithering now he zooms round the Zodiac instead.

M. STANIER

ALPHA AD OMEGA

America, all armed atomically,
Boasts "Bigger, better bombs bar bargaining."
China chucked Chiang, chose call Communist,
Doubts Dalai, double deals, decrees death drive.
Egypt essays eclipse England's East "ends."
Formosa's freedom fails find friendly "fans."
Gruff Gromyko, grimacing grimly, growls,
Holds high horrific Hiroshima's heap.
Indo-China, Indonesia, Israel,
Japan, joylessly joining, jettison.
Korea, Karens, King Khamas, Kaffirs keep
Like Lhasa, looming largely Londonwards.
MacArthur, Malan, Mao, McCarthy make
Notorious names—"New Statesman—Nation's" news.
Orientals, Occidentals offer
Pointless, "Peaceful" Programmes, painful pogroms.
Queer quislings, quickly quite quiescent, queue.
Revengeful Rhee's rule, robbing, ruthless,
Shows Syngman's Seoul, States' "satellite" suborned.
Tokio's tow'ring taskmaster, too, toils.
United States uniquely urge "U.N."
Viciously veto Viet-Minh's "vile vomit,"
While wilful Washington, warmongering,
Exports, excretes excitedly ex-"Reds."
Yuletide yields yelling "Yellow-Press"; Yalu's
Zero-like zenith's Zoroaster-pyred.

JOAN AP RHYS

LOOKING ROUND

Adequate Attlee anxiously agog,
Bold, battler Bevin (Britain's Bull-dog)
Challenging Chiang's chap's Chinese Council chair,
Doubtfully do deeds Democrats don't dare.
Eastern enemies every day evoke
Fresh fears fitfully fright'ning feeble folk;
Gab-gifted Gladwyn, glibly goading gangs,
Hard, hostile hearers hopefully harangues;
Immigrants in Israel intensively in-flow;
Jack-booted Jugoslavs jettison Joe;
Kindergarten killers know knuckle-duster knacks;
Leghorns' laying looks lamentably lax;
M.C.C. makes morons masochistic;
Nations are naughtily noisy, nationalistic;
Orotund Osbert Olympus occupies;
Pope Pius promises pilgrims "pie-in-skies";
"Quotas quash quantity" (query?) quoth Quibell;
Ring-leaders ratting, Radicals rebel;
Shrewd Sabbatarians shut Sunday shows,
Thinking that tolerance treads Tory toes;
UNO's unfurled umbrella (undersize)
Vulpine Vishinsky vainly vilifies;
Winston with world-wide worries waxes wiser,
(Xigency's Xpert Xtemporiser!)
Yorked? You're yonder yelling "Yah?" Yes—yet
"Zounds zo zimple, but"—(zo zays Zomerzet.)

L. E. J.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEMS: SOLUTIONS

I. PINK'S YEAR.

This is very simple. (i) Each player must have beaten all those whose names appear below his own name in the table. (ii) By constructing a "chart" the results of the 20 games not accounted for can be progressively inferred. It will be found that, in Round 7, Percy Pink defeated Joe Brown; Captain Yellow won against Professor Blue; Dr. White won against Bernard Black; and Commander Green defeated Archdeacon Red.

II. THE "NEW SPOKESMAN".

(i) What is the name of Kant's assistant? Clearly not Kant; nor Lamb (for his father is the essayist); nor Newton (who assists Ricardo); nor Virgil (the economist). So Kant's assistant is young Ricardo, and Ricardo, senior, is the essayist.

(ii) What is Kant's subject? Not philosophy, essays, or economics. Nor poetry; for Kant's assistant is Ricardo and Virgil's subject is economics. So Kant's subject is science.

(iii) Who is Virgil's assistant? Not Virgil, Newton or Ricardo. Nor Lamb; since Virgil's subject is economics and Ricardo is the essayist. So Virgil's assistant is young Kant.

(iv) It is now immediately deducible that Newton's assistant is young Lamb. *So Lamb's assistant must be young Virgil, and his subject philosophy*, which leaves poetry for Newton.

QUIZ

1. (a) Robert Stevenson, builder of light-houses; Robert Louis Stevenson. (b) William Wordsworth; Guy de Maupassant. (c) J. S. Bach; Antonio

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Yearly, 32s. 6d.; Six months, 16s. 3d.; Three months, 8s. 6d. to any address in the world.

AIR MAIL

to any country in Europe, £2 10s. yearly (except Poland and Iceland, £3).
To other countries by special quotation.

AIR EXPRESS

Posted immediately on arrival at main air port.
Africa West, £3. South and East, £3 5s.
India, Pakistan, £3 12s. Singapore, Malaya, £3 15s.
Hong Kong, £4. Australia, £5.
New Zealand, £5 5s.
All AIR Subscriptions pro rata for six months.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

10, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Holborn 8471.

CANADA & U.S.A.

Residents in North America may remit for surface or Air Express subscriptions to:
BRITISH PUBLICATIONS Inc.
150, East 35th Street, N.Y.16, N.Y.
Surface, $5.50 yearly. Air Express, $15 yearly.
Both pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE on this issue Inland, 1½d., Foreign, 1½d. Canada, 1d.

Company Meeting

Harrisons & Crosfield

At the Annual General Meeting on the 19th instant Mr. H. Eric Miller, the Chairman, stated that the group profit amounted to £1,157,263 before deduction of taxation; the net profit being £451,668. Group reserves and undistributed profits now total £2,129,000, an amount almost equal to the issued share capital.

Reviewing the Tea industry he said that world production and consumption are now more nearly in equilibrium, but, until U.K. stocks are built up, he expects to see high prices continue, with inevitable fluctuations at Eastern auctions. The outlook for the Tea trade here when the London auctions are resumed in April, 1951, is in no sense clear.

Speaking of Rubber, he described the recent market fever which produced price fluctuations of up to 9d. a pound in as many hours as paralysingly harmful. There is a healthier demand for natural rubber at the lower level now current. The demand for this commodity is world-wide and nobody is carrying stocks adequate for present-day conditions. Rubber has been outstandingly valuable in strengthening the Dollar resources of the sterling area, and now that Marshall Aid is to be suspended it is more than ever important that stockpile buying should be continued in an orderly manner.

The report was adopted, and a final dividend of 20 per cent. (making 25 per cent.) on the Deferred Ordinary Stock was approved. At the ensuing Extraordinary Meeting a Special Resolution was passed adopting revised Articles of Association.

—There's only one Port —this port: Portugal.

THE OLD VIC SCHOOL
Courses in
ACTING TECHNICAL PRODUCTION STAGE DESIGN
Applications now considered for 1951-52 Courses. Prospectus on application to—
THE SECRETARY, OLD VIC SCHOOL, 70, Thurlow Park Road, Dulwich, S.E.21.

SELLING JEWELLERY?
HAYES the famous Hatton Garden Jewellers offer the following
RECORD PRICES
(5-£75, Cultured Pearl Necklaces.
£10-£100, Gold Cigarette Cases.
£15-£75, Gold-lined Silver Tea Sets and Trays.
£15-£250, Diamond Watches and Eternity Rings.
£5-£15, Gold Pocket Watches and Chains.
£3-£25, Solid Silver Spoons Cups and Trophies.
£15-£20, for £5 Gold Pieces.
Up to £5,000 for Diamond and Precious Stone Rings, Brooches, Bracelets and Ear rings, etc.
Valuations by Qualified Expert
(Fellow, Gemmological Association)
Register your Parcels (cash or offer per return) or call at
M. HAYES & SONS, LTD.
106 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1
HOLborn 8177

Salicrt. (d) William III.; John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough; Sir Cloudesley Shovel; Sir George Rooke.

2. (a) (i) *Much Ado About Nothing*; (ii) *Love's Labour's Lost*; (iii) *All's Well that Ends Well*. (b) (i) Miranda; (ii) Silvia; (iii) Jessica; (iv) Juliet (v) (i) *Twelfth Night*; (ii) *As You Like It*; (iii) *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; (iv) *The Winter's Tale*; (v) *Cymbeline*. (c) (i) Polonius; (ii) Leontes; (iii) Brabantio; (d) Lear.

3. (a) Worcester; Gloucester; Monmouth; Brecknock; Radnor; Shropshire. (b) Trieste; Venice; Belgrade; Rucharest; Oporto; (c) Mexico; Guatemala. (d) Wyoming; Colorado; New Mexico.

4. (a) Mrs. Sparsit (*Hard Times*). (b) Mr. Lammle (*Our Mutual Friend*). (c) Sam Weller to Mr. Stiggins (*The Pickwick Papers*). (d) Ebenezer Scrooge (*A Christmas Carol*). (e) (i) *Oliver Twist*; (ii) *Great Expectations*; (iii) *Little Dorrit*; (iv) *The Cricket on the Hearth*; (v) *Our Mutual Friend*.

5. (a) The Gnat in the railway-carriage. (b) The Lobster Quadrille; by the Gryphon and the Mock-Turtle; (c) The pudding invented by the White Knight; (d) The Cheshire Cat; "It turned into a pig." (e) "There's a nice knock-down argument for you"; (f) Bill the Lizard.

6. (a) Rawdon Crawley; (b) Arthur Pendennis; (c) Lord Steyne's; Becky Sharp; (d) Louis Philippe; "Cuffee"; Smith O'Brien; (e) Dr. George Brand Firmin; (f) Captain Costigan.

CROSSWORD

ACROSS: 1 and 6. Washington Post. 10. Third. 11. Endosperm. 12. Operator. 13. Ope(ra)tor. 16. Toss. 17. Will. 18. Caper-nuited. 20. Adieu. (? Hamlet"). 22. Nuts. (Gilbert the Filbert"). 23. Iago. (? Othello"). 26. Ala RM-s. 27. Bloaters. 29. Liber-ally. 31. Nonce word). 32 and 33. Land of Promise.

DOWN: 1. Without parallel. 2. Spiders. 3 and 19. Indian summers. 4. Gregorians. 5. Odds. 7. Ode. 8. Temerariousness. 9. Ostrich. 14. Top (hat). 15. Plate-layer. 21. Ha-a. 24. Avernus. 25. Magnum. 28. Olaf the Red. 30. Ban(dying).

CHESS: Ribbon Round the Rook

No. 64

Why the rook? Merely for alliteration. It may be any other piece, preferably perhaps the QKt. But why put a ribbon round it? Just to avoid confusing it with its fellow, as the game progresses; the condition being that, on the side of the player thus handicapped, none but the beribboned piece may administer mate—a form of odds not nearly so well known as the condition to mate on some previously agreed square. I wouldn't call this much of a handicap, since the odds-giver merely has to reduce the game to a won ending and promote a pawn or two, the rest being child's play. The onus of mating with a certain piece is far more trying, since the odds-receiver can go to any sacrificial limit to get rid of the *piece fatale*, while the odds-giver must protect it no less jealously than his King. If readers have an opportunity of playing a much inferior (or superior) player it might be interesting to give this form of odds a practical test. I offer a small special prize for the most amusing game submitted. This, of course, is *hors de concours*. As for the "ladder" and the regular competition, here (A) is the seasonally apt offer of a "loving cup." Thus was composed in Berlin in 1893. The author was unknown. (He was probably hiding his head in shame.)

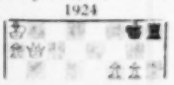
A: The loving cup

B: P. Heuäcker, 1937

White is to mate in two. This is so easy that it shouldn't rate more than 3 points. Not very much more difficult, but quite tricky enough to rate 5 points is B, a "problem" published by Paul Heuäcker in 1937. White is to mate in at most eight moves.

As for C and D, it must be the Christmas spirit that makes me over-rate them with as much as 3 points each. C is a "sui-mate in 6," meaning that White forces Black to mate him in six moves. D is perhaps not quite so easy. White to move and win.

C: J. Krejcik, Vienna, 1924



D: S. R. Barrett

After so much frivolity, I must provide some more solid fare for our more seriously minded competitors. Both E and F are among the most subtle studies I know. I will rate them 5 and 6 points respectively. White to win in each of them.

E: Herlin, 1922

F: H. Rinck, 1922

Usual prizes. Entries by January 1.

It seems a suitable opportunity for reciprocating many kind wishes, seasonal and otherwise, from correspondents.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set December 2

A: Kt-B6.
B: (1) B-Kt8, K x B. (2) K-B7, R x Q. (3) P x R etc.
C: (1) K-B1, P-B6. (2) P-Q6, K-R8. (3) P-Q7, P-R7. (4) P Q (Kt), P-Kt4. (5) Kt-K6, P-Kt5. (6) Kt-Kt5, BP x Kt. (7) P-B5, P-Kt5. (8) KP x P, Kt P x P. (9) P-Kt7, P-B4. (10) P queens, P-B5. (11) Q-B4, P-B6. (12) Q x Kt(P), P-B7. (13) Q x P mate.

Even though a number of competitors stumbled over some of the pitfalls in C, there were too many correct solutions to mention them all. The most thorough analysis came from K. Beaumont who shares the prizes with Eric Allan, G. Roblin, A. Rutherford.

ASSIAC

PERSONAL

SECRETARY, graduate, requires part-time post. Box 21.

EX-INFANTRYMAN, para-hotel, 26, varied abilities, seeks job in Italy. Good Italian. Box 9.

FURN. house reqd. Aug., 1951. East S Coast. 109 Church Rd., Ulmston, Manchester.

WENSLEYDALE. Lady has accommodation for two or three long-term or permanent guests in comfortable home. Ripon, Harrogate bus route. Suitable middle-aged or elderly people needing rest and quiet. Holtham, Carperby, Leyburn, York. Aysgarth 258.

MALE, any nationality, welcomed as one paying guest in delightful home overlooking Derby. Within. Chain. 29 Green Road, Littleover.

FRENCH Alps. Teacher couple and two sons age 12, 20 short or longer periods. Chalet 1-2-3, Megève, Hte. Savoie.

SWISS Student (girl, 19) wants to be engaged in cultured family in England, prior to London (S.W., W. or N.W. part). Can offer's stating terms, write Box 146.

GOOD home offered to a young Continental girl wanted for help in the house and tending cooking and needlework. Time off for study if wanted. Ref. exgd. Box 983.

IMPECUNIOUS pianist offers part-time home to teach piano. Box [illegible].

COLLABORATOR wanted to write the plot of a play. Box 81.

PUPPET Plays for Christmas Parties. Children will love Hop-o'-my-Thumb and other adventures of Buttons. Reg. Lewis, 16 Hopton Rd., S.W.16. POL 1067.

LADY who has a vegetarian Restaurant in Kensington, London, desires another. Small, full conversion of 4 bedrooms, living room and bathroom, small garden, 2 points for cooking purposes. Suggested rent £4 per week. Apply for full particulars to Box 82, Edmonton or South Chelmsford.

JEWISH lady to teach or companion to invalid. Must be fond of children. Light housework. Live in. Box 84.

THE Hostel of the Holy Trinity, Sydney Street, S.W.3, has a few vacancies for students from the Provinces.

PRESENT for Christmas. Delightful country cottage, Dorset, 3 bedrooms, 2 sitting rooms, kitchen, bathroom combined with rest in beautiful surroundings. Convenient to London, 1½ hours. Apply Box 85.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Oscar Koller-strom, 10 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 24d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course. Regent Institute (B 194), Palace Gate, W.8.

DAM that drought with Atomic Strip. Details: Atomic Services (77), 15 Maiden Lane, Strand, W.C.2.

IMPECUNIOUS but aesthetic? Complete antique furnishing schemes undertaken in the elegant, earthy, or baroque, at absurdly low cost and client's exact advance, quotation. Write Margery Dean, F.A., Wivenhoe, Essex.

HALL with stage for hire. Leicester Sq. WHI 3678. Plays, mtgs., socials, dances.

STATE Registered Nurse offers hospitality with extra care for the aged or for those in need of convalescence, in an exceptionally beautiful house. Central heating. Telephone. Garden. Hampstead 2282.

DALTON Hall, Manchester. The Hall, which is the oldest hall of residence outside Oxford and Cambridge, is available during University vacations for conferences and courses of up to 75 persons. Details of accommodation and charges on application to the Principal, Dalton Hall, Manchester, 14.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

SHAKESPEARE'S Country. Heart of Paris—fascinating re-issues which make up to illustrated colour maps, 2s. 9d. each. Also available Heart of London and S.E. England, 2s. 6d. each. Through W. H. Smith and Stationers, or Frances Chichester, 9 St. James's Place, London, S.W.1.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with Vocabulet cards. 6s. 6d. set. "I Said It" delightful literary quiz party game 3s. 9d. Florestan Company, 16 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

RETIRED Head of School for problem boys and girls places experience at disposal of parents and teachers. Consultation or correspondence. Bramish, 12 Courtfield Rd., S.W.

LESSONS in harmony, counterpoint and piano for beginner. Sheila Robertson, pupil of Nadia Boulanger, 106 Beaufort St., S.W.3. FLA 5410.

BY the time this appears, I fear it will be too late for Christmas photographs, so please accept good wishes & remember that after Christmas both you and I will have more time. Anthony Panting, 5 Paddington St., W.1.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Oscar Koller-strom, 10 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 24d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course. Regent Institute (B 194), Palace Gate, W.8.

DAM that drought with Atomic Strip. Details: Atomic Services (77), 15 Maiden Lane, Strand, W.C.2.

IMPECUNIOUS but aesthetic? Complete antique furnishing schemes undertaken in the elegant, earthy, or baroque, at absurdly low cost and client's exact advance, quotation. Write Margery Dean, F.A., Wivenhoe, Essex.

HALL with stage for hire. Leicester Sq. WHI 3678. Plays, mtgs., socials, dances.

STATE Registered Nurse offers hospitality with extra care for the aged or for those in need of convalescence, in an exceptionally beautiful house. Central heating. Telephone. Garden. Hampstead 2282.

DALTON Hall, Manchester. The Hall, which is the oldest hall of residence outside Oxford and Cambridge, is available during University vacations for conferences and courses of up to 75 persons. Details of accommodation and charges on application to the Principal, Dalton Hall, Manchester, 14.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

SHAKESPEARE'S Country. Heart of Paris—fascinating re-issues which make up to illustrated colour maps, 2s. 9d. each. Also available Heart of London and S.E. England, 2s. 6d. each. Through W. H. Smith and Stationers, or Frances Chichester, 9 St. James's Place, London, S.W.1.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with Vocabulet cards. 6s. 6d. set. "I Said It" delightful literary quiz party game 3s. 9d. Florestan Company, 16 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

RETIRED Head of School for problem boys and girls places experience at disposal of parents and teachers. Consultation or correspondence. Bramish, 12 Courtfield Rd., S.W.

LESSONS in harmony, counterpoint and piano for beginner. Sheila Robertson, pupil of Nadia Boulanger, 106 Beaufort St., S.W.3. FLA 5410.

BY the time this appears, I fear it will be too late for Christmas photographs, so please accept good wishes & remember that after Christmas both you and I will have more time. Anthony Panting, 5 Paddington St., W.1.

TUITION in Maths., English, French and Latin by a Graduate. All stages up to Matric. Ring VICtoria 1435.

TUITION in Pathology and Medicine required. Undergraduate standard. Box 53.

EXHIBITING Artist has vacancies few pupils. Beginners welcome. Moderate fees. Elise Miers, Maida Vale 2413.

MATHS for Matric. Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Mostyn Gardens, Cricklewood Rd., N.W.2. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1406.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

H. E. Unger gives private tuition in Commercial Art. Complete training to Professional Standard. 23 Shepherd's Hill, Highgate, N.6. MOU. 8842.

RUSSIAN, German, French, by professional teacher, Oral and post. Next, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

WELL Known London producer sometimes undertakes private lessons, young professionals, amateurs, advanced students, no beginners. Further information Box 7.

LESSONS Russian, Arabic, French, Persian, English, for foreigners. Fees reasonable. Kyle, 134 Lexham Gardens, W.8.

GERMAN Lessons given by woman teacher with wide teaching experience. Intelligent modern approach. Write Box 9644.

ARTISTS. West-End studio, small painting classes. Highest professional individual tuition for beginners in serious but informal atmosphere. Reas. terms. Box 9857.

HAMPSTEAD student would exchange English for German lessons. Box 9924.

GERMAN-English conversation exchange desired by English graduate. Near London or Hove. Box 998.

ENGLISH as she is spoke. Expert guidance by professional writer. MAI 0083.

HARMONY, musical appreciation & piano lessons by qualified teacher, pupil of Kodaly. Box 9988.

GREETINGS and best wishes for Christmas and a Happy New Year to all friends and members of my house-parties and holidays. Christmas parties are now full, but you can still be included in my New Year party near Windsor, or in Obergurgl, Austria. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 6911.

WINTER Sports in Austria, Italy and Switzerland. 14 days from £22 gns. 10 days in the Riviera sunshine from £21 gns. Apply now to Apal Travel, Ltd., 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. Tel.: MUSeum 5151-2.

GRAPHOLOGICAL. Expert, scientifically trained with wide experience, gives advice in personal and business matters (appointments of staff, partnerships, matrimonial affairs, child guidance, etc.). Write to Graphologist Bureau, 1 Woodside, Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

CHRISTMAS house parties in London, the country, and by the sea. Pleasant company and attractive programme of entertainment, dancing, etc. Write 'phone Josephus Hall, 524 5 High Holborn. HOL. 5831. CHA. 5831.

CHEAPER than ever.—Escape the English winter by enjoying the sun at San Remo. 14 days' holiday £27 17s. 6d. incl. from London. Details from Contours, Ltd., 77 Newman St., W.1. MUSeum 8499.

WINTER Sports and Sunshine, not organised for the masses, but individually for you. Ten days from £23 18s. (business and Holiday Travel, Ltd., 111 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Sq., London, W.C.2. Tel. Whitehall 4114 5.

FOLLOW the swallows to North Africa or the Balearic Islands. Ski in Austria, Switzerland or France. We will send you anywhere you want to go at reasonable cost. Write for pictures and information to Fareways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Dept. F, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St., London, S.W.1. Tel.: ABBey 2214 5.

SCHOOLS

ALRESFORD Place Hostel School, Hampshire (an independent co-educational boarding school for maladjusted children) has a few vacancies for girls aged 9-13, not below average intelligence. Enqs.: Children's Social Adjustment, 36 Carlton Hill, London, N.W.8.

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Sound education up to University entrance, broad interests. Apply Head Mistress.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 4 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitchison, M.A., Ed.B.

KENSINGTON Froebel School. Boys and girls 2-9. Open throughout the year. Country French (near Dorking). Daily car service. W. London areas. Enquiries: Principal, Mrs. E. D. Collins (American), 4 Redcliffe Gdns., S.W.10. Tel. FLA 0459.

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent. Co-educational, 4 to 18. A group of 150 children and adults creatively concerned with education, agriculture and the arts. Organic 200-acre farm. T.T. herd. Directors: J. C. Gunnesss, B.A., Katis Gunnesss (Dipl. Ecole), R. G. H. Jolt, B.Sc.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa. Applications are invited for appointment to the post of Professor of Physiology. The salary of the post is on the scale £1,100 × £50—£1,400 a year, together with a temporary cost of living allowance which at present is £124 16s. per year for a married man or a man with dependants, and £83 4s. per year for others. Membership of the University Institutions Provident Fund is compulsory. Duties must be assumed on January 1, 1952. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5, Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1. Closing date is Feb. 28, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa. Applications are invited for appointment to the post of Professor of Applied Mathematics. The salary of the post is on the scale £1,100 × £50—£1,400 a year, together with a temporary cost-of-living allowance which at present is £124 16s. per year for a married man or a man with dependants, and £83 4s. per year for others. Membership of the University Institutions Provident Fund is compulsory. Duties to be assumed on August 1, 1951, or as soon as possible thereafter. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is January 31, 1951.

UNIVERSITY College, Southampton. Two Exhibitions in Social Studies. The College will offer two Exhibitions (value free tuition) each for two years to men and women who wish to study for the Certificate in Social Studies of University College, Southampton, in the session beginning October, 1951. Candidates must be over 23 years at the beginning of the session. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Academic Registrar, University College, Southampton.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town, South Africa. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in the Department of Zoology. The salary scale is £550 × £25—£800 per annum. There is also a temporary cost of living allowance; at present £208 for a married man and £80 per annum for a single person. Applications (with copies of testimonials) should state age, experience, qualifications and research work completed or in progress, and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application and testimonials should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1 (from whom a memorandum giving the general conditions of appointment should be obtained) not later than January 31, 1951. An additional copy should be sent direct by air mail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, South Africa, by the same date.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for appointments as Senior Scientific Officer and Scientific Officer to be filled by competitive interview during 1951. Interviews will begin in January and will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1951, may eventually be announced. Successful candidates may be appointed immediately. The posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in a scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification, or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer posts taking their degrees in 1951 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age Limits: For Senior Scientific Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on August 1, 1951; for Scientific Officers, at least 21 and under 28 (or under 31 for established civil servants of the Experimental Officer class) on August 1, 1951. Salary scales for men in London Senior Scientific Officers, £760 × £25—£900, Scientific Officers, £460 × £25—£650. Rates for women are somewhat lower. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St. London, W1 quoting No. 3799.

DANESWOOD Sanatorium (42 Beds), Aspley Heath, Woburn Sands. This Sanatorium is now being redecorated and re-equipped to be re-opened early in the new year for Jewish patients suffering from tuberculosis who would benefit from treatment in an environment consistent with their faith. The Sanatorium is pleasantly situated in the wooded district of the Beds-Bucks. border. Applications are invited for a Matron and the following staff: Ward Sisters, Staff Nurses (S.R.N. or T.A.), State Enrolled Assistant Nurses. Applications to E.H.L. Stonebanks, Secretary, Bedford Group Hospital Management Committee, 3 Kimbolton Rd., Bedford.

DEPUTY Secretary required for expanding Association. Must be adaptable; quick. First-class English essential. Please write, stating details and salary required, to Secretary, E.I.B.A., 32 Old Burlington St., London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Adelaide, Australia. Applications are invited for appointment as Reader in Pathology. Salary range, £A1,050—£A25—£A1,200. General conditions of appointment, together with information as to the method of application, may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applications is Jan. 31, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of London, Institute of Archaeology. Appointment of Secretary. Starting salary £806. Pensionable under F.S.S.U. Applications to be received by January 8. For particulars, apply the Director of the Institute, Inner Circle, Regent's Park, N.W.1.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments as Senior Experimental Officer and Experimental Officer to be filled by competitive interview. Candidates for the Senior Experimental Officer grade must have been born on or before August 1, 1915, and for the Experimental Officer grade on or before August 1, 1922, but for the latter grade candidates having special qualifications or experience may be admitted if born between August 2, 1922, and August 1, 1924. Candidates must have obtained the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or an equivalent qualification. Inclusive London salary scales (men): Senior Experimental Officer £735–£915, Experimental Officer £525–£675. Rates for women and for posts in the provinces are somewhat lower. Starting salary will be determined on an assessment of the successful candidates' qualifications and experience. Further particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 3351. Completed application forms must be returned by January 31, 1951.

B.B.C. invites applications for the post of Programme Assistant in the French Section of the West European Service. The successful applicant will be required to write original material for broadcasting on a variety of subjects and to read fluently, convincingly and agreeably at the microphone. Candidates should have a thorough knowledge of France and a wide general knowledge of home and international affairs. A keen interest in politics and economics is desirable, and experience in journalism or broadcasting would be an advantage. The ability to write scripts directly in the French language, in good French style, would be a considerable advantage, but is not absolutely essential. Although a slight English accent would not be a disqualification, any other accent would be unsuitable. Selected applicants would be required to pass standard pronunciation tests. The appointment will be made at a point within the starting salary of £565, £655 or, exceptionally, £745, rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to £725, £840 or £965 maxima, respectively. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C. Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "P.A. French, N.Stn.," within 7 days of this advertisement. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

LEICESTERSHIRE Education Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Deputy Advisory Officer for Music. Qualifications and teaching experience, if any, should be stated as well as practical experience. The main job of the person appointed will be to stimulate an interest in music, in listening to it but especially in making it, among adults and youth both in the villages and towns. Work in schools, however, will not be excluded. He will form part of a team of advisory officers already appointed for Art, Drama, Music and Crafts. Salary will be in accordance with Grade I of the Report of the Committee on Salary Scales and Service Conditions of Inspectors, Organisers and Advisory Staff of Local Education Authorities, i.e., £550 per annum by £25 to £700 (men) or £495 per annum by £20 to £560 per annum (women). These scales are now being reviewed by the Committee concerned. It is expected that the Committee will recommend that the scales be increased on somewhat similar lines to those indicated in the recent Report of the Main Burnham Committee on salary scales for Teachers in Primary and Secondary Schools. Consideration will be given to applications from registered disabled persons. Applications (on forms) with the names of three referees and two recent testimonials should be forwarded to the undersigned within fourteen days of the publication of this advertisement. Stewart C. Mawson, Director of Education, County Education Office, Grey Friars, Leicester.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council. Appointment of Children's Visiting Officer (Female). Applications are invited for the above appointment for responsible work under the Children Act from women with previous experience and who possess a social science qualification or Home Office Child Care Certificate. Salary £420 × £15 p.a.—£465. Application forms and further particulars are obtainable from the Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham, to whom completed applications should be returned by January 6, 1951. Canvassing will disqualify. K. Tweedale Meadly, Clerk of the County Council.

ST. HILARY'S, Alderley Edge, Cheshire. Required at Easter or earlier, Matron for Hurst Lea, boarders' residence. Apply to the Headmistress.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CENTRAL Training Council in Child Care. Children Act, 1948. Applications are invited from men and women aged 21–40 who wish to train as visiting officers in work such as boarding out, adoption and after-care. Candidates should be graduates and/or trained in social science, teaching, health visiting or have comparable qualifications. Preference will be given to those of 23 and over. They should have had some experience of general social work or of work with children. Training courses starting in October, 1951, will be held at various Universities and will cover a period of twelve months. Grants will be available in suitable cases to cover the cost of fees, maintenance and incidental expenses. Full particulars can be obtained from the Secretary, Central Training Council in Child Care, Home Office, Room 804, Princeton House, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. It is essential that applications should be received by February 28, 1951.

OXFORD Regional Hospital Board Management Committee No. 12. Applications are invited for the post of resident Lay Warden to have charge of the administration of the Nurses' Home of Littlemore Hospital, Littlemore, Nr. Oxford, and responsibility for the comfort and welfare of the Nursing Staff and Domestic Assistants employed in the Home. The salary is £460, rising by £15 to £470 per annum with a deduction of £130 for residential emoluments. The post is permanent and superannuable under the National Health Service Superannuation Scheme. Applications endorsed "Warden," stating age and giving full particulars of previous appointments and training, should be forwarded not later than Saturday, December 30, 1950, to the Secretary to the Management Committee, Littlemore Hospital, Littlemore, Nr. Oxford.

IMMEDIATE applications are invited for the post of Grants and Welfare Organiser. Salary ranges £350 to £400 according to qualifications and experience. For further particulars and form of application forward stamped addressed foolscap envelope to the General Secretary, National Union of Students, 3 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1.

WARDEN required for a well-developed Community Centre at Walton, near Stone, Staffordshire. Salary £410 p.a., increasing by annual increments of £25 to a maximum of £510. The post will be subject to the Teachers' (Superannuation) Acts. Previous experience in social work or Community Centre administration essential. Application form available from the Regional Officer, The National Council of Social Service, 19 Calthorpe Rd., Birmingham, 15, and should be returned completed as soon as possible.

DEPUTY Warden and neighbourhood worker (woman) required in mid-February for residential post in Settlement. Social Science diploma and previous experience desirable. Applicant should be member of C. of E. or Free Churches. Apply The Warden, U.G.S. Settlement, Staffordshire St., S.E.15.

ILFORD South D.L.P. Applications are invited for the post of full-time Secretary and Agent. Salary and conditions in accordance with the National Agreement. Application forms may be obtained from Alderman R. T. Holness, Central Labour Hall, 298/300 High Rd., Ilford, Essex, to whom they must be returned not later than January 21, 1951.

THE Oxford House in Bethnal Green requires a Club Leader for boys 14-18 yrs. Single man with ability to experiment. Minimum starting salary £250, plus full residential emoluments. Apply Warden, Oxford House, Mape St., London, E.2.

INTERNATIONAL Club, London. Wanted, Club Officer 4 evenings a week. £1 each evening. A responsible man or woman with personality, tact and initiative seeking opportunity for international friendship ideals. Will find work of real and lively interest. Apply Box 707.

COUNTRY Boarding School for boys and girls requires experienced responsible Matron to feed children. Educated couple accepted when husband offers gardening and maintenance. Apply Box 9986.

PRIVATE Sec. required by managing director. Apart from normal educational and technical requirements, applicants should be ready to accept responsibility and work to a large extent on their own initiative. Broad interest in industrial and educational matters would prove helpful to both parties. Duties would include attendance at executive meetings to take notes, compile minutes and assist in drafting of documents. An interesting job for a really first-class woman. Please apply to Personnel Officer, The Glacier Metal Co., Ltd., Ealing Rd., Alperton, Wembley.

PRIVATE Secretary required Oxford. Knowledge French, some book-keeping. French shorthand if possible. Interesting work, good pay and holidays. Send details of age, education, experience, to Box 114.

HOUSEKEEPER. The position of Housekeeper at Woodbrooke College, Selly Oak, Birmingham, will be vacant at the end of March. Woodbrooke, belonging to the Society of Friends, is an adult education centre for about 60 students, some of whom come from abroad. The post requires adaptability, but is an interesting and varied one. The staff includes a Cook-Caterer. Applicants should write to The Warden, Woodbrooke, Selly Oak, Birmingham, 29, stating age, and giving full details of previous experience.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Decca Record Co. Ltd. requires an intelligent young woman who has some musical knowledge and can type. Accuracy is essential and knowledge of languages an advantage. Please write in own hand, stating qualifications, to: The Catalogue Editor, 1-3 Brixton Road, London, S.W.9.

TYPIST required, preferably with knowledge of scientific work. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications, giving particulars of age, education and experience, should be sent to: The Secretary, King's College of Household & Social Science, Campden Hill Rd., London, W.8.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

TIRED of teaching, young Italian woman, classics degree (Archaeology), seeks another job in England, preferably translations, literary or museum work. Box 9947.

FABIAN, M.Sc. (Econ.), 30, married, experience research and lecturing, seeks employment, London or large town. Box 104.

YOUNG man, 24, journalistic exp., seeks interesting post home abroad. Box 106.

YOUNG man, 25, with wide interests but no positive sense of vocation, seeks progressive job offering outlet for active mind. Anything considered. Box 155.

SWISS, 28, British wife, criminology graduate Lausanne, Lyons; good Science background (Chemistry, Maths., Photo.); Commercial Science Diploma and experience; English, French, working knowledge German, seeks interesting work U.K.—Commonwealth. Write C. Forel, Morges, Vaud, Switzerland.

WIDOW, 43, at present in Civil Service, seeks residential post with professional man, where daughter 16 would be welcomed during school holidays. Box 9773.

MAN, good personality, admin. bg. / theatr. educ. /travel exp., bed, fifty, urgently seeks job, London. Box 9839.

EX-schoolmaster requires any job. London area. Box 9634.

EARNEST young man, broadminded, reasonably educated, would like to act as companion-valet to bachelor or ex-officer. All duties, can cook. Willing to travel anywhere, but not essential. Box 197.

CAPABLE, well-educated woman undertakes to run a small home and make herself generally useful to person(s) of literary taste. Box 195.

MISCELLANEOUS

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a travel scheme. Short-term membership: 1 month 10s., 3 months £1; 6 months 30s., 1 year £2 12s. 6d. Club centre, Marble Arch. Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, dramas, literary and art groups, rambles, holiday tours, etc. Write Office, 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. (HOL. 5088.)

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 1 Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. W.14. 8. (new premises if possible).

AVOID furs got by torture; particularly ermine. Write for Fur Crusade leaflets from Major Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Rd., London, S.W.10. Funds are needed.

THE London Camera Exchange Co., Ltd., will purchase for cash, exchange, or sell on commission, all serviceable types of Photographic and Optical Apparatus and Accessories in sound condition. Good prices allowed. Call, write or 'phone (City 4591), 55 Baker Street, Queen Victoria St., E.C.4. (Minute from Bank and Mansion House.)

PARACHUTES. 1. Pure White Heavy English Silk or Primrose Nylon, each panel 36in. × 132in. 3in. at top; 2 panels 17s. 6d., 4 panels 32s. 6d., 8 panels 60s. New Irish Linen Lengths (a) Natural Shade, 6yds. × 24in., each, 21s.; 6yds. × 32in., each, 27s. (b) White, 6yds. × 24in., each 22s. 9d.; 6yds. × 32in., each, 28s. 6d. Carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 183), 139/147 Stoke Newington High St., London, N.16.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

PARACHUTES. 1. 16 panels Pure White Silk; each panel 36in. × 84in., 4 panels 15s., 8 panels 27s. 6d., Whole Parachute 52s. 6d.; 2. Cream Cambric 10 panels, each 40in. × 66in. Whole Par. 16s.; 3. White Cotton, each panel 40in. × 96in., 4 panels 17s. 6d., 8 panels 32s. 6d.; New Irish Embroidery Linen Cream or White, Lengths 3yds. × 16in. each 21s., 3yds. × 45in. each 27s. 6d., 3yds. × 52in. each 28s. 6d. Post Free. Money back guarantee. Premier Drapery Co. (Dept. 46), 113 Church St., London, N.16.

ASELEYS of Jermyn Street (109, S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make). Meerschaum pipes old or new purchased.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS. 1s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed a few weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8474.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). 7 (ex. Mn.). St. 3 & 8. Sun. 7 only. Mat. Box. Day. Dec. 27 (at 3 & 10, 2.30. "Lady Precious Stream." Mems.

UNITY. EUS. 5191. Last week. "Longitude 49." Wed. to Sun. Dec. 27-31, 5.30. New Revue "Here Goes!" opens Jan. 10. Mems. 2s. 6d. Adults only.

PLAYERS' Theatre, Villiers St. W.C.2, presents "Late Joys" and "Ali Baba." Mats. and Tues., 8 p.m., Wed. to Sat. 9 p.m. Members. Tel.: TRA 1134.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Final Dec. 2s. Flaherty's "Elephant Boy" (U). From Dec. 26: Flaherty's "Louisiana Story" (U).

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. The B.B.C. presents Winter Series, January 8 to 20. Nightly at 7.30 (Sundays excepted). B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent (Jan. 8-13, 16-20). Brad Gemeinde (Jan. 13) and Ivor Tickets Rs. 7s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. and Prospectus from Hall (Kns. 8212) and Agents. Seasons (Prom. 12s. from Hall only. 2/6d. Promenade, 2s., at doors only).

ALL-Coloured Variety Concert by the '77' Club including Dr. Hatch, Winifred Atwell, Kenny Graham's Band and calypso singer. Sun. Dec. 31, 8 p.m., St. Pancras Town Hall. Tkts. 3s. 6d. from Tr. Hall. TEM. 7070.

HUNGARIAN New Year's Ball. Sunday, December 31. Hungarian wines, music, food. Programme and Band Ticket 5s. double. Hungarian Club in London, 35 Pembridge Sq., W.2. BAY. 0371. Doors open 9.

NEW Year's Eve Dance, 8 p.m. Ambrose Campbell and his West African Rhythm Band. Youth Hse., 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1.

NEW Year's Eve party. Members and friends, S.C.R., 35 Kensington Square, W.8. From 8.30 p.m. Masks and fancy optional. Members' bar.

SOUTH African Student Association Xmas Party at the "Bull and Mouth," Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1. Friday, December 29, 7.30 p.m. Running buffet. Tickets at door 5s. single. Visitors welcome.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Point St., S.W.1. Christmas Social and Dance, Sat., Dec. 23, at 8 p.m. Good Band, spot prizes, raffles. Adm. members 3s., friends 4s. 6d., inc. refreshments.

EXHIBITIONS

GIMPEL Fils. 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent paintings by Denis Williams and pen-and-ink drawings by Scottie Wilson. Also Aquit Reprints of Manet, Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, etc.

AJA Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Textiles, pottery, glass, Xmas cards. 10-6 daily inc. Sats.

ASIAN Institute, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. Collection of Paintings by Asian Artists in London. Chinese and Indian Provinces Cards. Until January 7th.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. First Exhibition in England of the paintings of Ognore Metelli, the Shoemaker of Terni (1872-1938). Also Lay Figures by Anna Mayerson, and Today Boxes by Frances Richards.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. New Paintings by Robert Colquhoun. Daily 10-5.30.

POTTERY by Gwilym Thomas. From 18th December 21, 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Archer Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters—Third Series. Courbet Degas, Matisse, Picasso, Renoir, etc. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. New Paintings by Victor Pasmore. Colour prints by London Painter-Printers. Paintings by John Hurrison. Hours, 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

1950 Aspects of British Art, at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, 18 Dover St., Piccadilly. W.1. Dec.—Jan. 17. Weekdays 10-6. Adm. 1s. 6d.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion and Regency furniture. Open daily, including Sundays, 10-5.

MONTAGE Galleries, 79 James Street, Oxford Street, W.1. Exhibition of the work of William Etty and Modern Architecture by Alfred Wormarn. Daily 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Saturdays, 10 a.m.-1 p.m.

GANYMED facsimiles and Turnstile Prints: full range on show and at 11 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1 (North East corner Lincoln's Inn Fields). Catalogue sent on request.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. December 30, 6 p.m. Monsieur Paul Trebut-Davis (Alliance Française): "L'emigration des Protestants français vers l'Angleterre aux 16e et 17e siècles." A discussion to follow. Visitors 2s. 6d.

AN illustrated lecture on "International Postal-card Children's Voting" December 29, 5 p.m., January 1, 11 a.m., King's Cross Assembly Hall, W.C.2. Admission free.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 6.30 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 68 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. December 24: "The Birth of a Saviour."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"WHAT The Head Wants From The Art Teacher" and "What The Art Teacher Wants From The Head." Mr. C. S. Watton, M.A., Headmaster, University College School and Miss Nan Youngman, Art Adviser, Cambridgeshire Education Committee, will be the Speakers at an Open Meeting arranged by the Society For Education In Art at King's College, Strand, W.C.2, at 2.15 p.m. on Jan. 2, 1951. Chair: Dr. K. Anderson, Headmistress, North London Collegiate School.

SHAW Soc.: Ellen Pollock, etc. Dec. 29, 2 p.m., 37 Dean St., W.1. 2s. Details 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

LONDON University and other exams. University Correspondence College, founded 1887, prepares students for Matric., Special Entr., Inter. and Degree Exams. in Arts, Science, Econs., etc., M.A., Dip. in Public Admin., Social Studies; also for General Certificate of Education, Ordinary and Advanced Levels (London, Oxford, Cambridge, and others), Civil Service, Local Government, etc. U.C.C. is an Educational Trust not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern. Mod. fees, instalments. Pros. free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

LANGHAM Secretarial College. Thorough training for educated girls leads to well-paid private secretarial posts at home and overseas. Vacancies Jan. 3 and Feb 19. Prosp. Sec., 50 Francis St., London, W.1. Eus. 5811.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Cedric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH97, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

A Centre For Foreign Languages. Day and Evening classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners and all grades. English For Foreign Visitors. Priv. Less. in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Institute Centre, 10 Portman Street, Marble Arch, W.1. Tel. MAY 4640/3905.

PORTUGUESE.—Evening classes for Students at all stages. Jan. 10-March 16, 1951. Details from Portuguese Language Office, 4, Upper Berkeley St., London, W.1.

MRS. KING 115 Gloucester Pl., W.1. Wel. 5855. Sectl. training. Intensive courses. Gregg shorthand, typing. Also Evs. classes, postal tuitn. New term starts Jan. 8.

SAVE school fees! Common entrance exam. Parent-child tutorial course. New, simple two-side coaching. Incl. 5 published books. 50s. Write C.T.C., 80 Wimpole St., W.1.

SCIENTIFIC cutting. Tuition for tailors, dress-makers, amateurs. Private lessons. Classes. Box 9656.

POTTERY for beginners (without wheel); modelling ceramics can be taught in Schools, Clubs, etc. Small classes held in St. John's Wood studio. Box 234.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

AUTHORS' MSS., accurately typed. Moderate charges. Henry Crowhurst, Laurel Bank, Storrington, Sussex.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (all colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

DUPLICATING. 24-hour service. Circulars, Price Lists, etc. Trinity Bureau, 50 Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2. Tem. 2002.

TYPEWRITING & all sec. work. Mon.-Fri. 4 Western Drive, Shepperton. Mx.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. All literary MSS. Commercial documents, indexing etc. Faultless work. MAI. 2659.

AUTHORS' MSS. all kinds exp. typed. Usual fees. Mary Cosh, 54 Eaton Mews South, S.W.1. SLO. 3055 after 6 p.m.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15, Strand, W.C.2. All office staff—perm. and temp. Typing, Duplg., Translations. WHI. 3501 (3 lines).

MILDRED Furst. Typewriting of every description undertaken under personal supervision, by careful and intelligent typist. Express service if desired. Duplicating 24 hours. Special checking service for theses. Translations. 26, Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. Mal. 7479.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5806.

LITERARY typing, translating French, Persian, Russian, Arabic, Turkish (rel., Swahili, Kyle, 134 Lexham Gdns., W.8.

GERMAN-English technical translations, also Eng.-Germ. & Germ.-Eng. correspondence, articles, etc. Box 119.

TYPING, etc.—continued

LITERARY typing, 7-day service all MSS., (4-day emergency service for urgent work). Dictating machine service. Duplicating, indexing, editing, proof reading, cataloguing, etc. Translations (all languages). Qualified Secretaries at short notice. Secretarial Aunts, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831. Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

RANK Secretarial Service: MSS. accurately typed. Novels, theses 7 days. Careful checking. Dplctg. Transls. all langs. Mod. terms. 4 Queensborough Terrace, W.2. BAY. 8860.

TRANSLATIONS, Medical, Scientific, Technical, Literary. M. Bullock, 71 Bowcott Avenue, N.W.9. COL. 1979.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

CURRENT issue of "Adam International Review" includes "Cette admirable invention de Balzac" by Marcel Proust; complete Balzac number, 2s. (20s. per ann.) from 28 Emperor's Gate, London, S.W.7.

A DELIGHTFUL replica of great grandmother's days—"Hints on Etiquette" (illust. by Brian Robb), 5s. 6d. Turnstile Press, 10 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1.

GEORGE Bernard Shaw. A hitherto unpublished photograph of the late G.B.S. is included in the Christmas issue of "Album du Figaro," published in Paris. Price 8s. 6d. post free, from R. D. Franks, Ltd. (Sole U.K. Distributors), Market Place, Oxford Circus, London, W.1.

"LONDON Musical Events."—Joad, Hassell, C. B. Rees, Wm. Mann, George Mootaru contribute monthly. 48 pages. Illustrated. At booksellers 1s., or from 107 Southampton Row, W.C.1.

BERNARD Shaw's Rhyming Picture Guide to Ayot St. Lawrence. 32pp. & cover with 60 photographs and rhymed verses by Bernard Shaw. 1s. with art board cover, or bound cloth 5s. Newsagents, bookshops; Leagrave Press, Luton (pge. 3d. extra).

A LETTER "Intimacy" (Sartre 10s.) comes of "The Sunnier Side" by Charles Jackson of "The Lost Weekend." "Reaches such dazzling heights of impropriety as are unlikely ever to be scaled again. One of the most perfect stories ever written."—The Listener. Of all booksellers or post free 11s. Peter Nevill Ltd., 37-39 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7.

PASTEURISED Milk: A National Menace. 7d.: Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

SOVIET children's literature, co-education, local government; full-length articles from Soviet Journals. Anglo-Soviet Journal, Autumn 1950, 2s. 6d., from booksellers or S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8 (post 3d.).

DEUTSCHE Literatur wanted: Selected German books on philosophy, history, prose, poetry and art in stock. Continental Book Supply, 32a Chomeley Park, London, N.6. Tel. MOU. 1482.

HAMMERSMITH Bookshop. Libraries bought. Nr. Lyric Theatre, W.6. Riv. 6807.

GERMAN books. Libris, 50 Harben Rd., London, N.W.6. Pri. 6990. Books bought.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 792.

BOOKS purchased. Small or large collections of books on most subjects wanted; we call, town or country, without obligation or expense to the vendor. Frank Hyde, 14 William IVth St., W.C.2. TEMple 4243.

BOOKS on Mohammedanism not normally obtainable in English. Mailing list free. Ahmadiyya Society, BM/AMIRI, London, W.C.1.

ANTHROPOSOPHY. Books may be borrowed from the Rudolf Steiner Library. Apply 105 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 0906.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

FOR Sale. Freehold non-basement house, 2 mins. from Highgate tube stn. 5 bedrooms, corner site with garden and garage space. £5,000. Box 9898.

HASTINGS. Charming old cottage; 5 bed., 2 recept.; bathroom; kitchen; 2 mins. sea. £650. Phone Hastings 1652.

WHERE TO STAY

RIVIERA. Hotel Westminster, Cap Martin (nr. Monte Carlo). Ideally situated overlooking sea. Sunbathing terrace. Extremely moderate terms. H. & C. all rooms.

HASTINGS 4571. Optima conditions, congenial atmosphere always. Competitive winter terms. "Continental," 10 Albany Rd.

HASTINGS, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Kendal Hotel, 78, Marina; on sea front; completely modernised, H. & C. in all bedrms. Terms, Oct.-May, 3½ Sgns. Tel. Hastings 5210.

SWITZERLAND. Convalescence, holidays, winter sports, ski-school, 3,370ft. high. Guest House. Comfort, excellent cuisine, personal attention. 14 francs div., inc. Write brochure: "Le Cerisier," Caux-sur-Montreux.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. Live in the country even if you have to work in town. Comfort, good food, fresh air and excellent train service. A friendly club. Sharpthorne 17.

CORNWALL. Spring, so full with flowers comes in January here among Cornwall's loveliest beaches. Excellent for asthma. Every comfort. Trehartrock Manor, Port Isaac 234.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. Phone BAY 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c., garden, rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 5gns. Few mins. Marble Arch, tr. tube, buses, 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI 1490.

ATTRACTIVE bed-sitting room in professional woman's quiet house; lovely garden; partial board if desired; nr. station. Cro. 0869.

CHELSEA. Large well-furnished divan room. CHEW. Breakfast. Write Box 9940.

BEAUTIFULLY furnished double bedroom, breakfast and dinner, all meals week-ends in private home, W.2. Excellent cuisine, central heating, constant hot water. Would suit ex-business couple, 6 & 10 guineas respectively. Box 9912.

GARDEN-lovers! Owner of 3-rm. furn. flat, nr. Heath, going abroad. Box 58.

SHARE pleasant Hampstead flatlet offered garl by architect (f., 24). Box 9779.

TWO furn. rooms and kitchen, with linen and plate. Share bathroom. c.h.w. 12 mins. fr. Victoria. 57s. 6d. Write Box 9651.

LARGE fur. room, with service. Suitable for 2 business gentlemen. Semi. 61 Ellesmere Rd., Chiswick, London, W.4.

ELDERLY lady offers share pleasant home Dollis Hill; own bedroom; very reas.; suit middle-aged business woman. Box 9657.

TO let furnished to single person, part small country house 25 miles North-West London. Lighting, heating, garage, lge. garden. £3 10s. p.w. Box 9661.

LADY wishing Berks. home kept open to herself and at week-ends for family without bungalow offers another self-contained room, and run of house in her absence, exchange help (pref. cooking when house occupied. No rough. Daily woman employed. Box 188.

WIDOWER offers, home, Glasgow, to bachelor or widower, 40-50. General interest in music, books, current affairs. Share light housework and do own cooking. Terms by agreement. Box 50.

FLAT to let (unfurnished) in Regency Terrace, Canterbury. Public Gardens. 2 communicating rooms and bathroom ground floor and kitchen in semi-basement. Suit professional couple. £120 per annum. Box 9907.

FURNISHED bungalow, 8 miles N. of Worthing. 6 rooms, all amen., garage, phone. X. 22 Belsize Avenue, N.W.3.

EXCHANGE Edinburgh s.c. 1st floor flat, 4 good size rooms, large box room, bath room, for London accommodation. Box 9906.

TWO young men req. room rooms unfurn. London. Excellent tenants. Box 9910.

YNG. pianist urg. req. unfurn. rm.; cooking fac. W., N.W. London. Box 9800.

REQUIRED for professional people, no children, large s.c. uniform flat, 3 rms. & k. & b., all modern conveniences. Good London district. Box 9705.

RADIO actress needs small unfurnished flat, pref. near B.B.C. Moderate rent, willing decorate. Box 22.

YOUNG couple with child need urgently s.c. unf. flat, N.W. pref. Box 9975.

BACHELOR, harrassed by noise, barbarians and no bath, requires furnished room, with use of bathroom, central London. Very moderate rent essential. In exchange, would help domestically, or do part-time job few evenings a week. Quiet and civilised. Box 88.

GIRL seeks room Central London during week. Out all day. Willing baby-sit. Box 9974.

2 Gentlemen req. small furn. flat New Year. Max. rent £3. London. Box 9995.

WOMAN designer, 30, child 20 months, seeks suitflat to find and share flat. London or rural country. Box 9622.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Encyclopædia Britannica, 1944 Edition, leather bound, perfect condition. History of Morals (Edward Fuchs: Illustrierte Sittengeschichte; complete in 6 volumes, excellent condition, bound in linen (1912); £15. Tovey, Essays Musical Analysis, 7 vols. complete (£3 15s. 6d.); for £2 10s.; Oxford Companion English Literature, 1950, 25s.; Maugham, Collected Plays, 6 vols., £4 10s. Unique gift: Beardsley's best work, 14 Salome pictures on Japanese vellum, black frames, some glazed, sight 11in. × 10in., 7gns. set. Pair of Tapestry Curtains, 11ft. 4ft., subject Snake-charmer, offers?; Pink Silk Chinese Mandarin Gown, heavily embroidered, offers? Empire Typewriter, £7.

WANTED Maugham, "Altogether"; "I See All" (set); Rank's "Trauma of Birth"; "The Political Quarterly," April 1950; Macroscope (X100 × X800 Cuthbertson); Arthur Mee "I See All," nice set. Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 1½d. a word after, including the wording replies.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 662 and 666

Second-class Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1950. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors, The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd., by The Chesham Press Ltd., Chesham, and published from 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.